The Literary Digest

FOR DECEMBER 26, 1936

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THE COVER: A classic in the history of magazine art, J. C. Leyendecker's *Santa Claus* first appeared twenty-five years ago, has graced THE LITERARY DIGEST cover twice since then, at the insistence of readers. This year, again, our readers clamored for it, so here it is—apparently an indispensable part of the Christmas tradition.

Information for Subscribers

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Mail

Bombshell

Sir:—You will be interested to know that THE LITERARY DIGEST of November 14 proved a bombshell in Peru. Within two hours after its appearance (on the news-stands), all copies were sold, the last of them going for as much as $1 a copy.

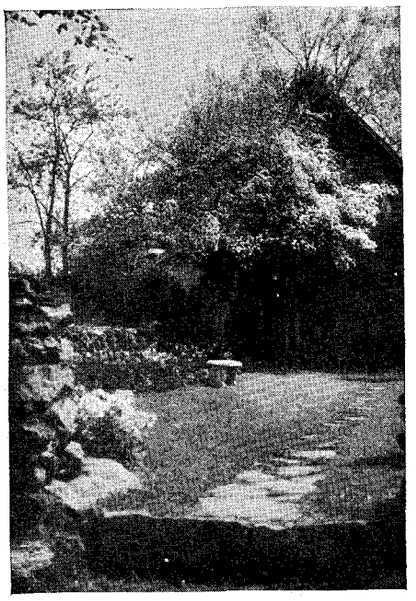
Your article on the idolized *Aprista* leader, Haya de la Torre, was the cause of the excitement, and it must have received acclaim in every capital in Latin America. Certainly your statements concerning General Benavides, self-reelected President and Dictator of Peru, echoed unexpressed public opinion in this country.

The article, of course, started a punitive expedition against THE LITERARY DIGEST by the general's police, THE DIGEST being declared "a communistic and atheistic paper." *Soplones* (lowest type of local spies) went to foreign news agencies asking for copies of your magazine. Sellers saved themselves by declaring that "all the *gringos* of Lima own stock in THE LITERARY DIGEST."

As the *gringos* are backing General Benavides, the *Soplones* hesitated until all copies were gone.

Here's hoping you can slip another article

(Continued on page 2)



A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

By DWIGHT FARNHAM

The fascinating true tale of a home-building adventure in Connecticut . . . full of the joy and magic of making a home out of "a place in the country." Packed with "invaluable secrets," such as: how to get a large place in the country for a small amount of ready cash; how to get free legal advice; how to make wild cherry brandy; how to force your wife to go on a diet, etc.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE SAYS:
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WALTER PRICHARD EATON SAYS:
"I have read *A Place In The Country* with many chuckles. Dwight Farnham evidently had a grand time. The author is an engineer who has written books on Scientific Industrial Efficiency. In spite of that, he bought a place in the country (he calls Westport, Conn., country) and started in to paint his own ceilings. When he finally got the paint out of his eyes he saw the funny side of it. In fact, he sees the funny side of nearly everything, including his wife's desire to join a Garden Club. His book is delightful."

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MODERN CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION

By DR. HARRY SÖDERMAN, and
Deputy Chief Inspector JOHN J. O'CONNELL,
Dean of the New York Police Academy

Introduction by Lewis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner, City of New York

COVERS practically every phase of police science. Aside from its obvious value to policemen and detectives it contains much of interest to sociologists, writers, detective-story fans, and the vast public which has an interest in criminal investigation. The problems encountered in solving a crime are dealt with, step by step, and the technique advocated is explained in detail.

America's Foremost Criminologist says:
". . . should be in the hands of every police officer in this country. It is a thoroughly practical manual and is all-embracing in its character."—*August Vollmer,* Department of Political Science, University of California.

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Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
THE best of friends must part . . . but separation need not mean the end of friendship. At this holiday time especially, let your telephone bridge the miles between. It's quick, convenient and, above all, personal. It's inexpensive too. Rates on station-to-station and person-to-person calls to most points are reduced after seven o'clock every evening and all day Sunday.
BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Mail

(Continued from page 1)

through the censors so that we may know a true picture of conditions down here is painted somewhere.
Lima, Peru. M—— G—— S——

Altho M—— G—— S—— identified himself to the satisfaction of the Editors of THE LITERARY DIGEST, his name is withheld that there may be no bombshells of a different kind.—*Editor.*

An Octopus

Sir:—Your article, "Coal Bootlegging: An Octopus," appearing in the December 12 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, makes apparent the fact that some coal dealers' association (operators in disguise) has misinformed your correspondent.

Thieves? These poor, ragged, energetic men who refuse relief for toil in dark, dingy passages? These coal bootleggers who obtain a mere existence, not a profitable living, from their hard work? Certainly, no thief would choose this employment as his lot!

The finger of guilt should be pointed at the operators, who swindle what they call "the legitimate miners" out of their earned wages by failing to live up to union agreements. When operators claim they pay $5.96 as a minimum daily wage in competition with bootleg wages of $2.75 a day, you may be sure they wouldn't back up their statement by showing you their pay-roll.

A $5.96 a day minimum? Nonsense!

GEORGE BOUKINAKAS.
Shamokin, Pennsylvania.

From THE LITERARY DIGEST article, "Coal Bootlegging: An Octopus": ". . . the bootleg miner has replied that he may be stealing, but that the so-called robbery consists of back-breaking primitive mining which at best yields less than a living wage. . . ."

THE LITERARY DIGEST did offer the view-point of the operator. But it also offered the opinions of bootleg miners; their leader, Earl Humphrey; John L. Lewis, sympathizer with bootleg miners; of Gov. George H. Earle, who has been attacked by State Senator George Woodward for condoning bootleg mining.

THE LITERARY DIGEST feels it has been strictly impartial.—*Editor.*

Compulsory Chapel

Sir:—You can not explain away the college man's opposition to compulsory chapel by saying, "it is the nature of the American people" to oppose anything compulsory. The fact is: college and religious authorities have failed miserably in this phase of campus life.

At first the students rebelled because they were forced to go to chapel. But the authorities persisted. Then the students gradually changed their opposition to include all forms of chapel. Hence the custom almost died out. If the services had been made more interesting, and depended upon this factor for attendance, rather than compulsion, chapel would be popular to-day on many a campus where it is now but a hazy memory.

Westport, Connecticut. G. T. C.

Henry VIII

Sir:—The December 12 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST leads off with a brief relation of the establishment of the Church of England by King Henry VIII. Is there not some controversy over whether or not the actual beginning of the Church of England was in the hands of Henry VIII?

Can you give us some authoritative information on the subject? JUDSON W. KELLY.
Niagara Falls, New York.

The establishment of the Church of England by Henry VIII was, of course, not the first hint of anti-Papal feeling in England. But the English Church, as such, was established during the reign of Henry VIII.

During the plague of the "Black Death" (fourteenth century), the Roman Catholic Church was greatly weakened. Attacks in Parliament on the wealth of the Church led to the forming of an anti-clerical party by John of Gaunt.

In 1378, John Wycliffe attacked the Pope.

In the sixteenth century, the growing Lutheran movement on the Continent affected England; Tyndale's "New Testament" and "heretical" books were smuggled across the Channel. It was this movement which led Henry VIII to write in reply to Luther his book on the Sacraments, winning for himself from Pope Leo X in 1521 the title, "Defender of the Faith."

(Continued on page 39)

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK DECEMBER 26, 1936

Topics of the day

"HEIRS" STILL CLAIMING PHILADELPHIA

Credulous for 70 Years Have Sunk Millions in "Baker Estate"

Many an American would like to own Philadelphia's Independence Hall, Wanamaker's, Benjamin Franklin's grave, the Liberty Bell, the Pennsylvania Railroad Station and an assortment of banks, hotels, government and office buildings. Many an American, and foreigner, too, has been given the "chance" in the last seventy years or so.

Here is how:

In 1839, Col. Jacob Baker died in the City of Brotherly Love.

Twenty-eight years later, a group of enterprising promoters decided to round up the Baker "heirs."

Last week, twenty-eight persons were indicted by a Federal Grand Jury in Pittsburgh, accused of promoting a gigantic mail fraud scheme to settle the so-called "Baker Estate."

Government officials charged that more than $3,000,000 had been collected from 3,000 persons. Washington authorities, however, indicated that, before the trial in May, it may be charged that upward of 10,000 persons were cheated of almost $15,000,000 by some twenty-six "Baker Estate" organizations now operating throughout the country.

Authorities further believe it possible that in the seventy years the "Baker Estate" groups have been operating, both in Canada and this country, 500,000 persons have contributed $25,000,000 to alleged promoters.

Non-Official—Altho more than 400 Jacob Bakers, Beckers and Barkers of English and German origin received Pennsylvania land grants, official records are alleged to show that the estate of every Jacob Baker from the late 1700's to the middle 1800's was satisfactorily closed.

Yet for seventy-five years claimants have arrived in Philadelphia seeking their share of the contentious estate, property of which reputedly lies in the heart of the city, includes part of Fairmount Park.

Present value of the land was estimated by the estate claim promoters at $300,000,000, according to evidence given at the Register of Wills hearing in Philadelphia in 1934.

At various times the total estate was alleged to be worth from $1,300,000,000 to $3,000,000,000.

Unwilling to see Benjamin Franklin's grave or the Liberty Bell offered as "possibilities" to claimants throughout the country, harassed Philadelphia officials finally printed a postal card purporting to expose the "Baker Estate." But these, handed to all inquirers, have failed to stem the invasion.

First alleged Baker estate swindle was uncovered seventy years ago in Ontario, Canada. For more than twenty years a group operated, collected three million American dollars, were run out of Canada.

Since 1902 the Baker case has been called intermittently to the attention of U. S. Postal authorities. There have been indictments several times, prosecutions, alleged swindlers using the same story sent to jail. The Departments of Justice, Post Office and Interior have received thousands of letters from claimants urging the Government to quit stalling, turn the property over under trusteeship.

Persistent—The Government told complainants that the estate was a fake; but they would have none of it, sent indignant retorts.

In 1935 claimants by the hundreds assembled for a court battle in Philadelphia, many bringing empty valises in which to stuff the expected inheritance cash.

In that city's courts on February 1, 1935, Robert M. Boyle, counsel for Register of Wills Harry V. Dougherty of Philadelphia, told 200 persons, representing thousands of claimants, that they had been taken for a "merry-go-round trip," and added that there had been no legitimate claims.

Eighteen months ago, Thomas Wunibald Lanigan, voluble and friendly Nebraska lawyer, Special Assistant to the Attorney General, was assigned to clear up the case. An intensive investigation was begun by Department of Justice and Postal Inspectors.

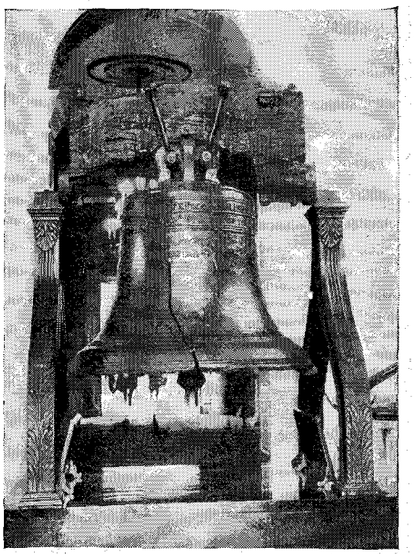
Seizing upon this activity for further selling, some of the promoters assured prospects that this was an investigation *for* them, not *of* them. The more audacious tried to link President Roosevelt's name as related to a possible heir, insisting the investigation was being ordered by him to drive Wall Street and Broad Street interests out of the estate and give the "heirs" their just share.

Inquiry—Thoroughly aroused by discoveries of these representations, agents and the legal staff of the Justice Department pushed the case, sent fifty agents scurrying around the country, drew in the net.

The case has cost the Government $50,000 to date. A similar sum is expected to be spent before it comes to trial. Out of the 10,000 supposed current victims of the fraud, the Government is in direct contact with 3,000, has a record of their contributions, ranging from $5 to $9,000. Experts and 200 of these claimants will be called to the trial. Seventy-one were witnesses before the Pittsburgh Grand Jury. Some came from Portland, Oregon; Atlanta, Georgia, and California to testify.

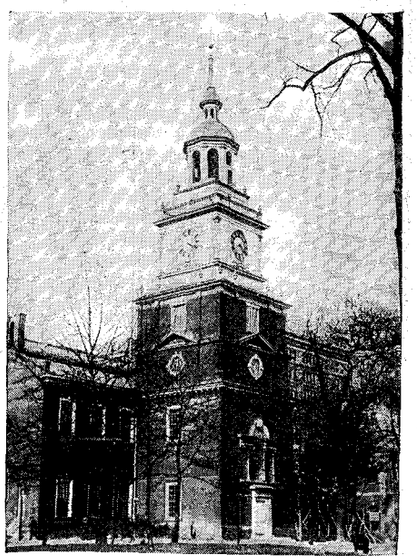
Indictments are directed against three distinct groups, each working a different angle of the "Baker Estate."

The first, operating from Altoona, Pennsylvania, owns a will, allegedly made by Jacob Baker, dated December 27, 1839. It bequeathed 11,000 acres of land, some



Wide World

For Baker heirs: the Liberty Bell . . .



Acme

. . . and Independence Hall

Pictures, Inc.

For William Smith: indictment

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valued at $2,000 an acre, in sixteen Pennsylvania counties to his son Peter and his daughter Elizabeth, but the exact location of the land was not given.

Among those indicted under this group were William Cameron Morrow Smith and Mrs. Lillian A. Ryan, of Portland, Oregon. The latter is the mother of sixteen children and herself was a complainant against the same alleged swindlers a few years ago, but is now said to have been working with them to recoup her losses.

Of great interest in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, was the indictment of a fifty-five-year-old public accountant, Fred Doerr, familiar Main Street figure. For nearly twenty years, he has lived in his office on the second floor of a ten-story down-town office-building. At night he converts his office-divan into a bunk.

Preacher—More sensational still to Johnstowners was the indictment of Norman Blough, "occasional preacher," over sixty, of Davidsville, rural community of less than 300. While never ordained, Blough has been preaching for several years, is identified by having only one arm, the other having been cut off in an accident.

The Government, however, expects to be able to show by the country's leading experts that the paper on which the will was written was made from wood-pulp, manufacturing process of which was not known until many years after the date of the will, not manufactured commercially until 1910.

Group Two, working from Johnstown, contends Baker died intestate and has a genealogical chart showing 3,500 collateral descendants who they say should share in the estate. It also maintains that Baker's settlement of $2,100 from the French Spoliation Claims has now grown with interest to be worth $90,000,000. Contributions of $10 and $15 are solicited toward guaranteeing protection of rights, tracing lineage, in return for assigning a percentage of the "estate" to the operating group.

Four of the alleged claimants in this group—Warren Biddle, Emory Biddle, John Biddle and Roy L. Biddle—live in Blair County, Pennsylvania. When told of the indictment of himself and others, Warren Biddle expressed complete ignorance of the action and amazement that such action had been taken. He said that, while his family had been active in attempts to trace its descent and prove the validity of its claims to the Jacob Baker estate, it had dropped its efforts in the spring of 1935, following the hearing before a Philadelphia court.

Variation—Group Three, in Pittsburgh, offers another variation of the 3,500 collateral descendants, bearing this out by spiritualistic séances for incredulous clients.

Heavy-set Post Office Inspector Alfred T. Hawksworth, stationed in Philadelphia since 1914, was a principal figure in rounding up the case.

"It is the biggest mail fraud case I believe the Department ever encountered," he said, "involving both in numbers of persons and money more than three times the celebrated Sir Francis Drake case of a year ago."

He referred to the 300,000 persons reputedly swindled out of $1,793,000 by Oscar M. Hartzel and associates during a twenty-year period in which reputed descendants of Sir Francis Drake, English adventurer, were asked to contribute to help collect their heritage. Hartzel was convicted in Iowa, sentenced at Sioux City to ten years for mail fraud.

Defendant—Inspector Hawksworth named polished William Cameron Morrow Smith, seventy, as the most prominent leader of the three indicted groups. Said to be a native of Canada, in this country for fifteen years, Smith is seriously ill at the Powhatan Hotel in Washington. Only his doctor, a nurse, his sister and several attorneys may see him. Altho officials believe he has been working the "Baker Estate" game for thirty years, made large sums, they doubt if he will live until the trial, since he recently suffered a stroke.

In Pittsburgh the newspapers were peppered with calls from indignant claimants. The press was wary. Whereas the Government called the twenty-eight defendants "racketeers" and the collections "fraud," some believed the defendants might win acquittal by establishing that they acted in the honest belief that the "Baker Estate" was sound.

Now the issue is entirely up to the courts. But one Pittsburgh newspaper wag shook his head. "What a nice mess it'll be if the courts acquit these folk! What the hell will happen to the Liberty Bell, old Ben Franklin's bones and Philadelphia's Pride?"

GLENN FRANK: University of Wisconsin President Fights Ouster Move Among Regents

When students of the University of Wisconsin turn Madison and State bigwigs on the glowing spit at the annual Gridiron Dinner of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalism fraternity, the quivering flesh of no celebrity escapes the undergraduate heat.

A few years ago, they presented to their youthful "Prexy," Dr. Glenn Frank, a miniature hobby-horse, "since you are so adept at straddling issues." Everybody laughed. Last week, Doctor Frank sat in at a smaller meeting at which the same charge of "straddling" was made, along with many others. This time, nobody laughed.

It was a session of the Board of Regents, at Madison, and "Prexy" was fighting an ouster movement which had been gathering strength since last spring.

La Follettes—"Partizan politics" was the cry raised by Frank adherents. They declared that the La Follette brothers—Sen. Robert M., Gov. Philip F.—leaders of Wisconsin's Progressive Party, were trying to railroad Doctor Frank out of his job by secret maneuvering. Reason assigned: Doctor Frank had been rated as a Republican dark horse, was a potential threat to the brothers' political ambitions.

Last week, the storm broke. Governor La Follette summoned Harold M. Wilkie, President of the Board, and Regent Clough Gates. Rumors spread that he had ordered Frank's dismissal by the Board, a majority of whose members are his appointees. Mr. Wilkie insisted the only issue was Doctor Frank's reappointment in the spring.

Next day the Board took a radical step by instructing Mr. Wilkie to prepare a statement of budget needs to submit to the Governor and later to the Legislature. Previously, the budget requirements of the $8,000,000 institution had been drawn up by Doctor Frank.

Supporters—Frank supporters saw this move as definitely placing the President on the skids. Developments followed fast.

Student leaders, rallying to Doctor

Photos © International

Students lend noisy moral support as Board of Regents hurls "hobby-horse" charges at President Glenn Frank (right)

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John Hamilton sees mirrored a personal victory . . . Hamilton Fish (right) sees the cause of a disunited party

Frank, predicted a strike by at least half of the 10,000 students if he were let out.

Tho only lukewarm to Doctor Frank, *The Daily Cardinal* demanded that the Regents bring any charges against him into the open.

Oswald Garrison Villard, writer and lecturer, and Zona Gale, writer, alumna of Wisconsin and a former member of the Board of Regents, issued statements praising Doctor Frank.

Protests poured into Madison from educators in many parts of the country. Wisconsin alumni of New York, gathered in an emergency meeting, asked the Board of Regents to make public all charges and facts at issue.

Matters came to a head on Wednesday when the fifteen Regents met in Doctor Frank's office in Bascom Hall, overlooking the campus.

Charges—At the head of the long table sat Doctor Frank, outwardly calm. Near-by sat Regents President Wilkie, who outlined five grounds for the ouster action.

1. Mismanagement of University finances. "Doctor Frank lacks the qualities of either a business or an educational administrator."

2. "Doctor Frank has lost the confidence of those with whom he must deal. . . . It has gone so far that it involves lack of confidence even in the accuracy and dependability of his statements and representations.

3. "Doctor Frank lacks primary qualities essential in the administration of a university.

4. "Doctor Frank has failed to devote sufficient time and attention to University affairs.

5. "Doctor Frank has permitted practises regarding expenditure of public money in relation to himself and his own household that I consider questionable." (An itemized account listed various expenditures, including a $3,128 car in 1933. Doctor Frank's salary is $18,000 and he receives $2,400 additional for household expenses.)

Rebuttal—In the midst of the debate that followed presentation of the charges, Doctor Frank rose and said:

"I have no intention of presenting my resignation as President of the University of Wisconsin."

After some parliamentary jockeying by his supporters, the Board put through the resolution that Doctor Frank wanted—providing for a public hearing of the charges on a date to be set by President Wilkie.

Basis of his fight to escape removal is the showing made in the eleven years of stewardship—advancement from seventh to second place in scholastic standing and to a peak enrolment of 10,000.

"My only duty is to hand back to the Regents and the State a great University," he added, demanding "honest judgment" of its status eleven years ago and to-day.

That was his only rebuttal.

HAMILTON STAYS: Republicans Keep Him to Lose Deficit; Farley Writes 30,000 Letters

DEBIT: $901,501.61
CREDIT: 17 Senators
89 Representatives
16,785,243 Voters

Last week, the Republican National Committee, with its head up and its chin out, gathered in a Chicago hotel to tally up accounts and to hang out a sign labeled Business as Usual During Alterations.

Behind it were six gloomy years of defeat; ahead, the 1938 elections for Congress, and another whack at the White House.

Demanding the immediate attention of the Committee was the question whether John D. M. Hamilton should continue to reign as National Chairman of the Party. Since the day of the Roosevelt landslide, the Republican liberal wing had been sniping at him.

He had, they said, ruined Candidate Alfred M. Landon's chances by waging a 1936 campaign according to 1896 tactics.

Blame—It was his fault that the Republican platform adopted at Cleveland had turned out to be a tasteless mixture of reactionary pudding and liberal sauce. It was his fault that the Party was loose and unorganized behind its candidate: he had spent too much time on oratorical excursions and not enough time in his Chicago office.

The spear-head of this attack on Chairman Hamilton was rangy Hamilton Fish, who had been swept into Congress by President Roosevelt's own Congressional district by 24,000 votes and therefore considered himself qualified to tell his Party where it had gone wrong.

A week before the meeting of the National Committee he took to the air to present his case over a national radio hookup. "We must make known without reservations our determination to represent the average American . . ." he said. "From now on, the Republican Party must chart a liberal course between hidebound conservatism and dangerous radicalism. . . ."

Deficit—As a result of continual enfilade of this kind, Chairman Hamilton decided to take action. When the National Committee met last week, it had before it his offer of resignation. Since National Committees are not in the habit of dropping Party Chairmen four years before a Presidential election, and since Chairman Hamilton's administration had piled up a deficit of almost a million dollars, for which he alone could be held responsible, there was small chance of his offer being accepted.

However, there was "Ham" Fish to be dealt with. He was for throwing the Kansan out and installing some one like former Rep. Carl G. Bachmann of West Virginia, who had managed Senator Borah's campaign for the Republican nomination.

"I came here with one purpose, one objective," Fish thundered, as he strode back and forth before the Committee, "to unite the Party and reorganize it, to liberalize it in leadership and policies so the millions of wage-earners from New York to San Francisco, the farmers and all the middle classes of people, can come back to the great Republican Party we all love. . . . If you do not reorganize and liberalize, you die. . . . Sometimes I think you people would have learned more if we had not carried the two States* won in the election."

After listening in cool silence to this harangue, the Committeemen and Committeewomen responded with a thumping seventy-four-to-two confidence vote.

Farley—While the Kansan was facing the fire of the Fish liberals, another Party Chairman was docking in New York Harbor. He was Postmaster General James A.

*Maine and Vermont, in case the reader has forgotten.

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Farley, just returned from a month's vacation in Ireland.

With a broad smile, he confessed to a score of reporters that he had no idea whether he would keep his Cabinet portfolio, not the faintest notion about running for the Governorship of New York two years from now, had nothing to say about a motion-picture offer. One thing he did know: that while abroad he had established some sort of record by writing 700 post-cards to friends in America.

Compared to the feat of correspondence which he engineered at Democratic National Headquarters last week, the post-card trick was nothing. To every Democrat in the country elected to county, State or Federal office went a personal letter of congratulation and thanks from the Boss. That meant a total of more than 30,000 letters.

For almost any other person, such a task would have been impossible. But because Chairman Farley has such a vast personal acquaintance in the political world that he can sign "Jim" most of the time, he is able to ship out 1,000 letters an hour.

"I do get pretty tired," he admitted to amazed reporters, "but those men and women out in the counties did the trick. They deserve my thanks. That's what makes our organization effective."

The personal letters, signed in green ink, are "Big Jim's" first step toward 1938.

G MEN: Melodramatic Capture of Harry Brunette Starts Verbal Fireworks

From his New York apartment-house hide-out last week, mild-looking Harry Brunette, twenty-five, stood off G men under J. Edgar Hoover, 150 of "New York's Finest," New Jersey State Troopers, the drenching hoses of firemen who were trying to put out a fire set by tear gas bombs.

The fire did not stop the battle from which the ex-librarian's wife, young and slim, her pajama coat open, limped out, wounded, to surrender. It continued until Brunette ran out of ammunition for his guns, until forces of law and order had discharged 150 rounds of ammunition. Then the young gunman walked out—to start a verbal battle which continued long after the echo of gunfire had died away.

"All right, you bums," was his parting shot at G men, "I'm through. A fine, brave body of men *you* are!"

Quickly, firemen, troopers, police and G men chose sides in the fray.

From Fire Chief John J. McElligott came Brunette support: "Two cops could have handled the job better and without heroics," he sniped, and charged that his men had needlessly been exposed to gunfire while fighting the flames.

Jersey Troopers and New York police sided with him. "By jumping the gun" in their raid, J. Edgar Hoover had violated an agreement for full cooperation among them, they volleyed.

"Kindergarten stuff!" Hoover volleyed back. "The only important thing is that the job is done and that a fugitive is in custody. There are always some small, jealous people who take pot-shots at others in a case of this kind!"

Approval—Official Washington girded its loins, fired a long-range statement from Attorney General Homer S. Cummings, Hoover's chief:

"Hoover did a good job—a necessary job. And he did it quickly and efficiently. I have congratulated him!"

The Attorney General denied that firemen were caught in the cross-fire.

The barrage died down during the night, but next morning New York's Police Commissioner, Lewis J. Valentine, dropped a bomb aimed at the Hoover camp:

"I have made it a rigid policy," he boomed, "to prohibit melodramatic raids on the hiding-places of criminals. They are unnecessary—altho they do bring big head-lines in the newspapers. We are concerned with capturing lawbreakers and not with publicity."

Safely away from it all, Brunette looked out through the bars of Atlanta Penitentiary, and grinned. He had pleaded guilty of kidnaping a Jersey State Trooper who had stopped the car in which Brunette, his wife and missing Merle Vandenbush were riding. Guilty of "everything on the record," including three Wisconsin bank robberies, he admitted.

Sentenced to life imprisonment, possibly eligible for parole after fifteen years, he has ample time to compare his "war record" with that of Francis ("Two Gun") Crowley, who six years ago defended himself from police in a siege just twelve blocks from the scene of the Brunette battle.

Previous Battle—Crowley, Rudolph Duringer, his companion in murder, and Helen Walsh, Crowley's sixteen-year-old Brooklyn sweetheart, stood off nearly 200 New York policemen in their apartment at 303 West Ninetieth Street on May 7, 1931.

Trapped there by detectives, Crowley sensed their presence in the hallway outside his flat, opened fire through the door. The detectives, unable to get at the killer without exposing themselves, sent for reenforcements. A two-hour siege began with policemen armed with rifles and machine-guns posted on near-by roofs, at the windows of apartment-houses. They poured slugs into Crowley's apartment, while the young gunman replied with the two automatics he always carried.

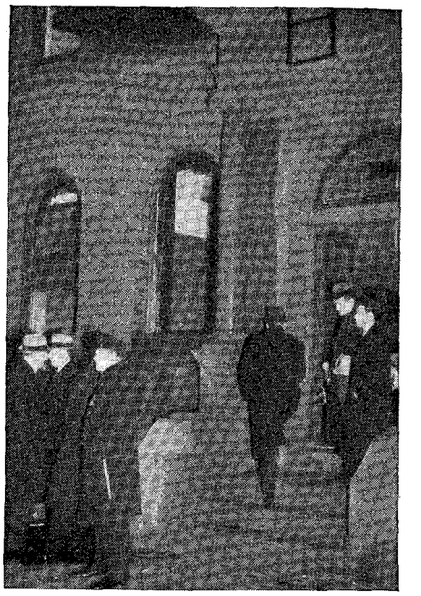
Finally, after the walls of the place had been turned into a sieve, after he had been hit four times, Crowley surrendered. Hands in air, he staggered out under the muzzles of police guns.

During the battle, the police were hard put to restrain crowds which packed the neighborhood streets and lined the roofs of adjacent houses, oblivious to bullets. Police had to rope off an area in order to drag Crowley to a patrol car and eventual electrocution for the murder of Patrolman Hirsch.

Without the help of G men, the Crowley capture was front-page copy.

Earlier Head-Lines—Front-page, also, was the spectacular police battle with four robber suspects at their hangout on Riverside Drive in July, 1932. For more than an hour, shots rang out as gunmen returned detectives' fire.

The four thugs finally tried to escape by climbing out the window and dropping to



Pictures, Inc.

Scene of early morning gunplay drama

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G. Edgar Hoover (right of fireman) looks on as G men score again

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the ledge of a window on the floor below. Successful in this maneuver, they nevertheless ran into the arms of the law in the hallway.

More successful in avoiding histrionics, the Police Department in March, 1936, captured the "Arsenal Gang" without firing a shot. In a rooming-house on West Ninetieth Street, they arrested seven men and three women, seized rifles, shotguns, revolvers and machine-guns and thousands of rounds of ammunition. So expertly was the raid carried out that the gunmen had no opportunity to use their weapons.

JOBLESS INSURANCE:

Eight States Rush to Pass Compensation Laws by New Year's

There was no time for hemming and hawing. No time for yes-and-no debate. Action was needed.

In Raleigh, North Carolina; in Columbus, Ohio, in a half-dozen other State Capitals, last week, hotel lobbies bustled as legislators milled about, clapped each other on the back, and strayed arm-in-arm into cocktail lounges.

Called into special session by their Governors, they had only one job to do—but they had to do it quickly. Unless they passed unemployment compensation laws and got the Social Security Board's seal of approval on them by December 31, they stood to lose millions of dollars. North Carolina's risk was $2,500,000, for example; Ohio's was well over $12,000,000. If the money was to be saved, legislative machinery had to move into high gear at once.

Own Fault—That eight States should suddenly find themselves in a race against time to fulfil the requirements of a law that has been on the books for sixteen months was nine-tenths their own fault and one-tenth the fault of circumstance.

Unlike the Social Security Act's old age benefits, which are under Government control through the Federal Social Security Board, unemployment compensation is almost completely in the hands of the States —with *Uncle Sam* standing by in the dual rôle of ringmaster and referee.

The Social Security Act does not establish a system for unemployment compensation, but invites each State, in rather compelling terms, say its opponents, to do so voluntarily. Upon every employer of eight or more persons (if the employment is for at least twenty weeks during the year), it levies a pay-roll tax of one per cent. for the year 1936, two per cent. for 1937, three per cent. from 1938 on. Agricultural and domestic labor, officers and crews of vessels "on the navigable waters of the United States," Government employees (National, State and local), religious, charitable and institutional workers do not come under the provisions of the Act.

Gains—Employers in States which have unemployment compensation laws approved by the Social Security Board will contribute 90 per cent. of their pay-roll taxes to their State Governments, 10 per cent. to the United States Treasury. In other States, all will go to the Treasury.

Thus a State which, by December 31, has enacted an approved law will be able to withdraw 90 per cent. of the pay-roll tax to help its own unemployed. Up to March 31 of this year, only eight States had taken the trouble to pass such laws. By last week, the ranks had grown to twenty,* covering a total of 12,000,000 workers out of a possible 23,000,000.

Maryland, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Virginia and West Virginia were racing furiously to get in under the New Year's eve dead-line. Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Tennessee and Vermont were almost ready to chase after them. Until they pass laws of their own, the remaining fifteen can do no more than sit idly by while Internal Revenue collectors cart off fat pay-roll checks.

No Extension—Hoping that the influence of Senators like Joseph T. Robinson, whose own Arkansas had not yet passed an unemployment compensation law, would be strong enough to extend the December 31 dead-line, or confident that the Supreme Court would bowl over the entire Social Security program, many States put off calling expensive extra sessions.

The first hope was splintered with news from Washington that the Administration was against a time extension. The second died when the Court, four-to-four, on November 23, declined to upset New York's unemployment insurance law.

That put an end to stalling. But Social Security Board officials realized that tho thirty-three States had passed or were about to pass unemployment insurance laws, it by no means followed that this program had the hearty and undivided backing of thirty-three States. Some of them had merely hedged to save money. When the time came these would fall in line with the outsider States which were threatening to challenge the entire system as an invasion of States' rights through a compulsory tax which carried no benefits.

Board Rules—Once the ponderous wheels of legislative machinery had begun to revolve, individual States found no difficulty in grinding out acceptable unemployment insurance laws. The Social Security Board provides an elementary list of do-and-don't rules. Beyond this, there are only two broad outlines which the programs follow.

The Board insists that each State deposit its compensation funds in the United States Treasury as an "unemployment trust fund," that money be drawn out of this fund only for the payment of unemployment benefits, that no benefits be paid until two years after employers have started making contributions, that no man or woman out of work be denied benefits because of refusal to accept a job (1) made vacant by a strike, (2) offering wages and working conditions "substantially less favorable than those prevailing in the locality," (3) requiring the worker to join a company union or to resign from a *bona fide* labor union.

The New York law, still standing after close scrutiny by the courts, provides the pattern which most States have chosen, and to which the American Federation of Labor has given its blessing.

Model—Under this system, public employment offices are established at which the unemployed worker must register for a job and for compensation. After a "waiting period" of three weeks (two weeks if he loses his job a second time in the same year), he is entitled to half-pay up to $15 a week. He will not receive less than $5 a week, and if he has worked ninety days during the year he is entitled to the benefit for sixteen weeks.

Since New York's law applies to workers in firms employing four or more persons (instead of the customary eight), it covers more classes than do most other States. However, it does not include "white collar" workers who earn more than $50 a week or $2,600 a year.

Employers in New York contribute to a common pool fund out of which benefits are paid. It was the pool idea which appellants attacked when they carried their case to the high court. Employers in sound, stable industries should not be required to contribute, they argued, to a

*First eight: Alabama, California, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Oregon, Washington, Wisconsin. Next twelve: Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Indiana, Louisiana, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Utah. District of Columbia brings the total to 21.

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Next year thirty-three States will have compensation laws for the unemployed

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pool which would pay benefits to discharged workers from unstable industries. The court decided they should.

Reserve Plan—Wisconsin, the first State to pass an unemployment compensation law (1932), uses the "employer-reserve" plan, under which each employer has a separate account to which he makes his pay-roll tax contributions. The tax is 2 per cent. of his total pay-roll (2.7 per cent. from 1938 on), but when the reserve in his account equals $75 for each of his employees, he need make no more payments until the fund again drops below that average. He draws upon the account only for his own helpers. Thus if no men are laid off, he saves his pay-roll tax. The expectation is that this device will encourage him to keep all his men on the job.

The waiting period in Wisconsin is three weeks. The benefits average 50 per cent. of the weekly wages, but there are limitations. If the worker earns less than $25 weekly, his compensation is $10.50. If he earns between $25 and $30, he will get $12.50. The maximum benefit is $15.

While most unemployment compensation systems do not provide for benefit payments until 1938, Wisconsin, "the laboratory of experimentation," began handing checks to her unemployed last July.

Merit Rating—Through a "merit-rating" plan, which a good many States combine with the pool fund or employer reserve, a distinction is drawn between "good employers" and "bad employers." If, after paying taxes for several years, an employer can display a good record of employment, his tax is reduced. The lower the rate of unemployment, the lower the pay-roll tax.

The Social Security Act, despite the favorable ruling in the New York case, is not yet safely through the woods of litigation. Only last week, a Boston lawyer called upon the United States Supreme Court to hand down a "final decision" on the constitutionality of the general compulsory tax for unemployment compensation.

And on the same day a Federal Court ruled that the Alabama unemployment insurance law (pooled fund, merit-rating type) violated the State and Federal Constitutions and granted two complaining firms a permanent injunction against the enforcement of the plan.

AUTO ACCIDENTS: Fatalities on Increase; Yale Survey Exonerates Woman Driver

"A woman driver! You might have known."

Thus the cynical chant of many a male motorist when a woman errs, slightly or seriously, in maneuvering her car.

But the gibe has no basis in fact, according to the report of a university professor who took the trouble to find out. Armed with statistics, he asserts that the female of the motoring species is not nearly so deadly as the male.

Only 6 per cent. of highway accidents involve women drivers, according to Prof. William J. Cox of Yale. Not only that, but "if accidents are to be reduced," he says, "it will be accomplished through women. Men have had the problem for thirty years and have done little with it.

"Development of public opinion toward observance of law with a view to decreasing automobile accidents is definitely a work for women."

Fatalities Increase—If so, they face a colossal job, for all indications are that motor fatalities are increasing steadily.

In 1935, the toll was 37,000. Such slaughter shocked the country. Something, everybody agreed, had to be done. A great campaign was launched to save human lives by making motoring safer. Through courts, police, schools, the Red Cross, newspaper advertising, bill-board displays, lectures, and in a dozen other ways, motorists were advised, entreated, warned.

The result? This year will record a higher motor death-rate than ever before, according to the National Safety Council's forecast. Instead of 37,000, the indicated total for 1936 is 37,500.

However, there are two favorable aspects: the annual increase will be much less (from 1934 to 1935 it jumped 900), and the death-rate measured by gasoline consumption also will show a marked reduction, about 9 per cent.

Findings—In line with the antiaccident campaign, Connecticut officials made an intensive study of motoring habits, published the results last week. Covering a total of 91,044 vehicles, the report shows their average speed was 38.9 miles an hour. Women were found to drive on the average 0.4 mile an hour slower than men.

The survey, directed by Prof. Charles J. Tilden of Yale, President of the Eno Foundation for Highway Traffic Regulation, also showed:

The data indicate "fairly conclusively that, on the whole, the fast driver is less careful than the moderate driver."

The average speed of all drivers is higher in winter than in summer, due, perhaps, to the addition of many slow pleasure drivers during the warm months.

Out-of-State cars traveled about three miles an hour faster than Connecticut cars, probably because the "foreign" cars in a majority of cases had a definite objective.

"There is evidence . . . that persons do not drive quite as fast immediately after eating as they are likely to either beforehand or after a period of an hour or so."

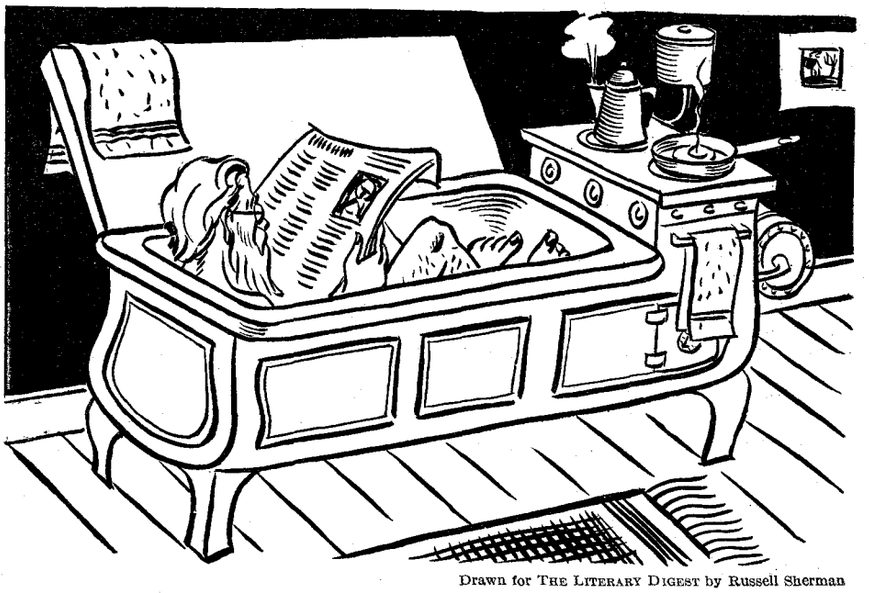
BATHTUB-STOVE: Inventor Hails His Great Combination for Home or Trailer

"This is what the country's been waitin' for!"

Waving recently granted patent papers, Alfred Castanien, eighty-two, patted an odd-looking contraption in the attic of his modest Columbus, Ohio, home.

Object of his affection resembled a sturdy table with a slightly bloated underside. It was his "Dream-Combination-Table-Bathtub-Stove"—new leader for honors among folding-up contrivances.

"America always needed a good bathtub like this," added the slightly deaf octogenarian. "You can move it easily about the house; housewives can sweep under it without breakin' their backs; you can heat water with gas, oil or gasoline."



Drawn for THE LITERARY DIGEST by Russell Sherman

Alfred Castanien, eighty-two, felt the country needed a good bathtub

Eight years ago, Castanien, former piano salesman, got the idea. Work progressed slowly because he suffers from sugar diabetes, could devote only irregular periods to his creation. Nor would he take an assistant, because the last time "an uninformed business partner" blasted his chances of marketing a patented roller bedspring.

Neighbors assert this disappointment accounts for a good many of the gray hairs of the inventor.

The current brain child cost him $500. By twisting a couple of screws, pushing another gadget, the table lid flies up, revealing a bathtub, complete with tank for heating water, hot-plate for cooking.

"This oughta go in some of the 6,000,000 to 15,000,000 homes in this country now without reg'lar tubs," the inventor says, wiping his 'specs.

Eye on Trailers—But recent visitors disclose that Castanien has his eye on trailers as the eventual ideal abode for the invention. Manufacturers are interested, but the invention is still on the open market.

News of this latest entrant in the rapidly spreading bathtub field came on the eve of the nineteenth anniversary of a now famous story. It was on December 27, 1917, that "A Neglected Anniversary" by

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H. L. Mencken appeared in the old New York *Evening Mail.*

An accompanying editorial note:

"Here's a series of inspiring bath-hour thoughts suggested by H. L. Mencken's discovery, through official channels, that America's first bathtub was built in Cincinnati and put in operation on December 20, 1842. Adrian Thompson, its founder, got the idea on his visit to England, where Lord John Russell had started the custom of bathing fourteen years before. So if any of the next best authors spring a freshly tubbed Englishman on you in a story of the Revolution, you'll know he's phony."

Mencken lamented that the seventy-fifth anniversary of the "introduction of the bathtub into These States" had gone unnoticed. His observation on its history in this country grew into fact.

Hoax—Vilhjalmur Stefansson in his book, "Adventures in Error," cites this "overtenaciously successful hoax." He points out that on May 23, 1926, Mencken, alarmed that the yarn was becoming recognized as historical fact, admitted invention of the tale, pointing out its absurdities.

Stefansson grumbled that despite Mencken's admission, the hoax has become so grounded that many of its "facts" are still accepted, even by leading health authorities. One of the legends inspired by the fable was that bathing was considered unlawful in Boston, forbidden by ordinance.

W. J. Doyle, City Clerk of the Hub City, wrote Stefansson in July of this year:

"In several forms during the past ten years, an item has appeared in various publications stating . . . that the City of Boston at some time by ordinance forbade the use of bathtubs, or bathing except on the advice of a physician.

"The story has not the slightest foundation in fact. No such ordinance was ever adopted, either by the Town or City of Boston, from its settlement in 1630 up to the present time.

"In 1843 an ordinance was enacted requiring that all prisoners in the Jail or House of Correction should be given a weekly bath. . . . The statement that bathtubs were prohibited is so silly as to hardly merit denial, but it is usually made in referring to a mythical ordinance supposedly adopted in 1848 and not repealed until 1870."

Ascendancy—Whereas no historians have come forward to compile any authentic information on the rise of the American bathtub, manufacturing companies play safe by stating that the last four decades have been the time of its rise. One firm has data back as far as 1866 on sanitary equipment, but declines to place whereabouts or date of the first American tub.

The Civil Works Administration made a real property inventory for 1934 for the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Commerce Department.

It showed in that year that of 1,035,937 owner-occupied dwelling units in sixty-five representative American cities, 167,964, or 16.21 per cent., were without baths. Of the 1,597,208 rented dwelling units included in the inventory, 445,013, or 27.86 per cent., were without baths.

But not Hollywood.

The celluloid city has perfected the spacious "bathing salons" wherein Mae West, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich and others pose and repose, on and off the screen.

Topics in Brief

"GEE! IT'S NICE TO BE REMEMBERED BY SOMEBODY!"

—Herblock in Jackson (Miss.) Daily News

THE STRONGEST ARMY conquers the world, but the lowest price still gets its business. —*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*

THE FIRST THING we're going to do resurrection morning is to read our tombstone and have a good laugh.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

REGARDING the war debt, France and Great Britain should realize that we stand for the principal involved.—*Dallas Morning News.*

RECOVERY is the period when big business is making so much money that it thinks the men for whom it has failed to find jobs should be thrown off relief.—*Federated Press.*

JAPAN grows more Occidental. A sixteen-year-old girl stuck up a Tokyo bank. But the country still keeps certain Oriental traits. The law caught the girl.—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

THEY have already jazzed up the old classic for the stage with swing music, and we are expecting momentarily a thoroughly modernized version in the book-stands under the title, "Uncle Tom's Trailer."—*Boston Herald.*

ACCORDING to the rules, every Cabinet member must resign by the end of the term. The Secretaries are now preparing letters announcing their return to private life and trying not to sound too convincing. —*The New Yorker.*

THE Hartford *Courant* turns back its files to December 3, 1836: "The indications of a long and severe winter, and the extravagant prices of food and fuel, hold out a gloomy prospect before that part of the community whose means of living are limited, and especially those who support themselves by daily labor." Those were the "good old days" we hear so much about! *Detroit Free Press.*

AN OBSERVER declares that Mrs. Simpson will have nothing more to say. That is—publicly.—*Manchester Union.*

THE ELECTION provided social security for relief workers and relief for social security workers.—*Advertising Age.*

"MAN is falling behind the machine," declares a sociologist. Well, that's better than falling in front of it.—*Atlanta Journal.*

THE NAZI CENSORSHIP now extends to inscriptions on tombstones. An infraction of its rulings will constitute a grave offense.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A TENNESSEE WOMAN, eighty years old, has never seen an automobile. Which may be the reason she is eighty years old.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

RADIO ORATORS apparently don't realize that while the Constitution may guarantee free speech, it doesn't guarantee listeners.—*Marseilles (Ill.) Daily Press.*

LOOKS as if the Dionne kids had quintupled the business of the doll manufacturers. And forced *Santa* to carry five times his normal load.—*Auburn (N. Y.) Citizen-Advertiser.*

GETTING READY for a war to make the world safe for Christianity are Mussolini, veteran scoffer at religion, Hitler, whose Nazis are going neopagan, General Franco with a following of mercenary Moors, and the Japanese war-lords who worship a divine Mikado, and whose ancestors exterminated all the Christians in the country about 400 years ago.—*Federated Press.*

Columnists' Corner

It looks as if this generation in Spain would leave nothing but posterity, and very little of that.—H. V. Wade in the Detroit *News.*

All bridge players, declares Ely Culbertson, are slightly insane. To some, no doubt, this will seem like the year's high for understatement.—George Ryan in the Boston *Herald.*

It might be worse. No State has yet rented space on its automobile license plates to advertise toothpaste.—Robert Quillen in the *Publisher's Syndicate.*

Abner Silver wishes to call attention to the fact that the old-fashioned waltz is returning . . . to the prize-fight ring. —W. S. (Bill) Farnsworth in the New York *Evening Journal.*

Before Christmas folks bring home bundles and put them in the closet. About New Year's dad comes home with a load, and they put him to bed.—Clyde Moore in the *Ohio State Journal.*

A most amusing quip from George Jessel . . . George says he has an offer from Hitler—three weeks' personal appearance in Germany—with all funeral expenses paid.—Walter Winchell in the New York *Daily Mirror.*

It's beginning to look as if some one will have to chase the money-changers out of the Angelus Temple.—Olin Miller in the Atlanta *Journal.*

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SQUEEZER CHANG SQUEEZES CHIANG

Does He Really Want War With Japan or Fatter Province?

He lusted for wealth and power such as he inherited and lost. He was disgusted with his present fief, the world's deepest, most impoverished dust-bowl. He was determined to make his title of "Vice-Generalissimo" of China's 2,500,000 army something more than a joke among the older war-lords.

For these reasons, and no higher ones, thirty-six-year-old "Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang kept cocked rifles aimed all last week at the close-cropped head of his chief, and prisoner, China's Dictator, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

As they had for ages, brown dust-clouds whirled out of central Asia, billowed over the arid, yellow plains and gullied hills of the "Young Marshal's" Province, Shensi.

Dust . . . dust of centuries, nauseated him.

A thousand feet deep in places, in packed terraces, grotesque humps, prehistoric silhouettes and, where there were streams, perpendicular chasms, it looked like the nightmare of a dinosaur.

Taxpayers—Seventeen million skinny, weather-blackened troglodytes, living for the most part in caverns gouged out of terraced cliffs of dust, were Chang's taxpayers.

Even the roads were worn down by wooden-wheeled carts, until only flicking whips and bobbing drivers' caps were visible as carts creaked through the trenches of smothering *loess*.

A little famine every three years, a big one every ten, poverty everywhere and always.

That was the fief they had flung him, single hereditary lord among all the war-lords, when he had lost the prosperous, fertile black plains and forested mountains of Manchuria to Japan.

"But Sian, your Capital, is the cradle of Chinese civilization," erudite young scholars at Nanking had told him when he grumbled.

It was a barren cradle now.

Ten miles of dusty wall thirty feet high, built in a square; a million wretches packed within, scarcely a decent taxpayer among them. With that, and a petty $1,700,000 subsidy a month to feed his army of 75,000, the Generalissimo expected him to be satisfied.

Squeeze—Luckier war-lords, coolies too ignorant to read or write, had Provinces from which they could "squeeze" taxes ten, twenty, fifty years in advance. His were all in arrears.

Too many of his potential taxpayers were drifting out, by cart and on foot, to make the 700-mile *trek* to Manchuria, preferring life under the hated Japanese to further "squeezing" by a Chinese war-lord.

Those who staid flirted with Communism, embraced it by thousands, were the center of a great area from which the Communist General Mau Tse-tung, and his eleven subgenerals called "the Central Soviet Government," could not be dislodged.

Here at Sian, tho, two and a half centuries before the birth of the Westerners' Christ, Emperor Shih Whang-ti had done something. He had burned all the books in China that he might be the beginning of all things. Here, great deeds might still be done.

When the Generalissimo had come to Sian last Saturday he had already shifted nine other generals about, announced that he intended to shift the "Young Marshal" to Fukien Province, had a special train ready in which the "Young Marshal" was to go at once, an honored guest in appearance, in reality almost a prisoner.

Pleasantry—To gain time, the "Young Marshal" had suggested a pleasant afternoon of bathing in the hot springs at Chunghuatze, sole blessing of a dusty country, twenty miles away.

Further gesture of courtesy, he had sent riders to drive even the dogs away from the road.

Then, as the Generalissimo lolled in one of the cool cavern rest-houses at the foot of the dust-cliffs, the "Young Marshal's" men took him off guard, slaughtered his bodyguard of fifty, "executed" five of his party of generals, imprisoned their chief, wired to Nanking:

"What price the life the Generalissimo now?"

Panic quaked in Nanking.

Back and forth between Sian and the headless Central Government droned airplanes with bargainers. Back and forth by wire and radio crackled eye-wash for the public about party reorganization and a Japanese war—for the insiders threats, bluffs, cajoleries, pleadings.

To terrified, Wellesley-educated Mme. Chiang the "Young Marshal" unctuously wired:

"Before God, I swear I never harmed anybody. . . . I have cherished an affectionate regard for the Generalissimo for years. . . . Don't worry."

There had been reports that the prisoner was already dead.

Bullets—Not worry? At thirty, Mme. Chiang recalled, the "Young Marshal" had invited two of his father's best generals to play *mah jong*, had smiled in their faces playing his "flowers" while his riflemen stepped from behind doors and shot the generals in the back. He had shot a whole row of exchange bankers when his own paper money, forced on the peasants for their soy-bean crops, proved worthless. The beans he sold abroad for gold, amassed a cash account of $20,000,000 (which the Japanese impounded and used as base for a sound currency).

Desperately, Mme. Chiang begged the headless Government to bargain generously for her husband's life, to go slowly, not to move troops against his captor.

Only woman on the Executive Council, she was voted down, by, among others, her own brother-in-law, Oberlin-educated Finance Minister H. H. Kung.

Against her also was bulky, peasant-dressed, red-faced, ruthless, laughing Gen. Feng Yu-hsiang, whose best joke was that he had been baptized into the *May-May-Whay*.*

His vote made Mme. Chiang shudder. Feng had once been the ally of the "Young Marshal," had been more than once her husband's enemy.

But against her also was Gen. Ho Yin-ching, her husband's most trusted aide, and, now that Chiang was a prisoner, in command of his troops.

"More important than any individual," they told the distracted wife, "is the State."

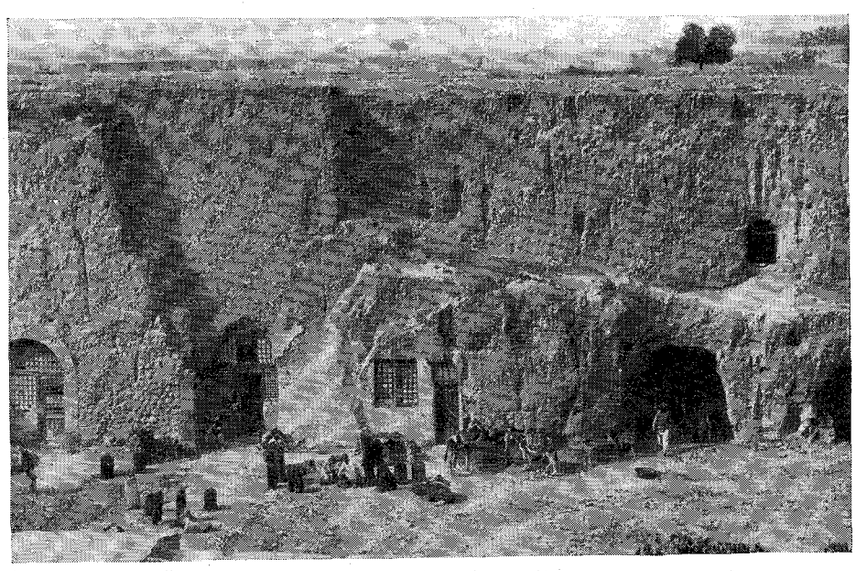
Natural suspicion to Mme. Chiang was that they were all in league, trying to force the "Young Marshal" to kill her husband.

Rivalries are keen. Survivors are the heirs to the powers of the slain. Stranger things have happened in China.

Financier—Her own brother, T. V. Soong, she knew, had lost some enthusiasm for the Generalissimo of late years, had resigned as Finance Minister three years ago when the Dictator issued $125,000,000 in Treasury notes for more troops when the Treasury refused.

Moreover, she knew that her husband's record was a trifle cloudy, that he too had kidnaped, killed his prisoners.** Were they all trying now to get rid of him?

To the world, by radio, brother-in-law



Acme

In a cavern gouged out of terraced cliffs such as these, Chiang Kai-shek was taken prisoner

*Beautiful-Beautiful-Society — Chinese for Methodist Church.

**As Pearl Buck reminded NBC network hearers last week.

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Kung broadcast blandly: "While we are all anxious that the Generalissimo may be rescued and returned to safety . . . the personal movements of one man should not be allowed to interfere with the normal conduct of Government."

They ordered armies against Sian. Was that to make the "Young Marshal" believe it would do no good to kill his victim? Mme. Chiang wished she knew.

In a dingy prison-room in Sian, the Generalissimo sat helpless and heavily guarded, expecting at any moment to see the flash of rifle fire he would never hear.

Captor many times himself, he knew how to disconcert a captor. For three and a half days after he was kidnaped, he held his tongue, refusing to speak either with his guards or the "Young Marshal"; refusing, despite his bold, darting eyes, even to "see" the latter.

It was a contest of wills. It was all he could do to break the "Young Marshal" down; and it worked. Rifles at his head, threats, blows, curses, cajoleries, nothing could wring a word from the Dictator. He was impressing his captor, before his own men, with a sense of futility, causing him

Keystone

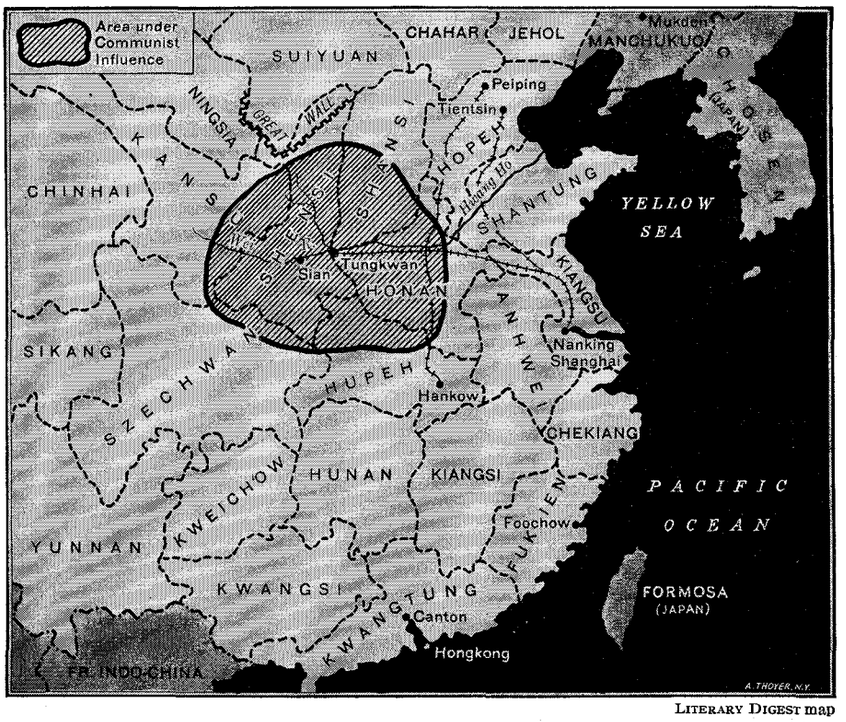
Chang Hsueh-liang and W. D. Donald

to lose face, tho at any moment the "Young Marshal," less stable emotionally than he, might pull a nervous trigger and end the contest.

Intermediary—Tuesday, the air-plane from Nanking dropped giant, bronzed, now slightly paunchy, but still vigorous and booming Australian W. H. Donald, former newspaper man and for thirty years (I brought most of them up) adviser to captor, captive, captive's wife and others of China's mighty.

Through Donald, the Generalissimo consented to speak to the "Young Marshal" in the third person as, in some countries, an officer addresses common soldiers.

"Under existing conditions" (*i.e.*, imprisonment), "it is impossible to discuss terms," he said.



LITERARY DIGEST map

Shaded area is called by Communists the Central Soviet Government

Also through Donald, Chiang made conciliatory gesture No. 1 in the threatened civil warfare.

"Tell them at Nanking to call off that offensive."

Convinced that he had met a will stronger than his own, the "Young Marshal" climbed down from his first demands. To "fight Japan," to "retake Manchuria," that had been only for public consumption, anyway.

New Terms—An extra million dollars, "back pay for my troops," and a "juicier" Province than dusty Shensi, one in which a deserving war-lord could make a decent fortune . . . and "no reprisals," were his new proposals.

"Surprizingly easy, considering the risks he took to make them," Donald called these terms when he flew back to Nanking. But whatever Nanking felt about them, the Generalissimo refused to negotiate anywhere but in his own Capital. As a prisoner he would do nothing.

Anyway, "juicy" provinces were rare. In Honan, ten million were without food and clothing for the winter. In the last hundred days, only two of rain. No "juice" for a war-lord there.

A million and a half, a quarter of the population, were starving in Kweichow Province.

Drought had killed the crops. Bandit armies had pillaged every village and town in the last twelve months . . . poor pickings there.

Far-Off Hills—Shantung? Bumper crops in Shantung, wheat up seventy million bushels, rice up seven million tons. But burly, raucous Gen. Han Fu-chu could be budged out of Shantung by nobody less powerful than Japan.

Only in the southern part of his Province did he "allow" Nanking Government troops to enter. To the Dictator he said regularly, "To —— with you and your Central Government. I'm independent of everybody." Fortune was there, but try and get it.

Twelve other Provinces were (perhaps not quite so badly as Shensi) so riddled with Communism that in the last three months all their Governors had been ordered to crack down. Communist Gen. Mao Tse-tung had, for the first time, consolidated all the eleven red generals in the greatest area ever occupied by Communists.

Meanwhile, to keep the outer world boiling, the "Young Marshal" broadcast several times a day in person, once tossed out a sentence which Japanese listeners eagerly translated into:

"I urged the Generalissimo to declare war against Japan. He refused, whereupon his execution was ordered." To almost prostrated Mme. Chiang at Nanking, he wired slyly:

"I assume full responsibility for his safety."

Crack Troops—Toward Sian rolled train after train packed with the Generalissimo's crack personal army in brand-new German helmets which had arrived just in time to be clapped on their heads.

Nanking boasted hourly by radio that they were getting terrifyingly close to Sian; but the "Young Marshal" knew that not by rail would his Capital be taken. Half a day away in the narrow dust-walled defile at Tungkwan he had the tracks torn up and the best two divisions of his army. Nor would the Generalissimo's air-planes roaring over Sian to frighten him drop any bombs while he had their owner a prisoner.

He might, he chuckled, kill his chief and insist that he was still alive.

His own father's death by dynamite had been thus concealed, he recalled, for seventeen days.

Quaintness—With quaint humor he wired an invitation to T. V. Soong to come up and confer on the Generalissimo's ransom. It would be amusing to get as many of the Soong family as possible in his hands.

"T. V." was the Generalissimo's money man as well as his brother-in-law. The Bible-publishing fortune founded by his

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Wide World

H. G. Wells replied to the prelate

father had grown enormously through financing the Generalissimo's eight-year Dictatorship. Soong had more power than the Dictator, had interests in every profitable deal in, and was almost owner of the lower Yangste Valley, stood to lose more by a sudden change of Government than any one.

Soong declined the invitation, wisely. Friday night came the first break. After nearly a week of criss-crossing wires and airplane messengers, the "Young Marshal" caved in, first consented to let two Nanking generals fly to Sian and talk with their chief alone, released another general and sent him to Nanking with a personally signed letter from the Dictator requesting suspension of all military measures (incidentally proving that he was really alive).

Finally, yielding to the Generalissimo's obstinate—"There are only two ways to deal with me, kill me or release me"—he agreed to go back with the Dictator to Nanking.

"If it is for the welfare of the Nation," he said, "I will accompany Gen. Chiang Kai-shek to Nanking and submit to whatever punishment is proper."

At Nanking Sun Fo, President of the Legislative Yuan, scornfully rejected Chang Hsueh-liang's professed desire to fight Japan, adding sarcastically:

"Chang Hsueh-liang will not be qualified to talk anti-Japanism sincerely until all the rest of China's 400,000,000 people have perished."

EDWARD: Criticism by Archbishop of Canterbury Draws Fire in House of Commons

EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF KING EDWARD VIII

"Meanwhile the press has been very busy. Endless rumors regarding myself were circulating. In nine cases out of ten, my motives were misrepresented. The men who had been using the Empire for their private vantage-ground seem to be fully roused to the danger of a King whose influence was to be exerted against predatory power . . . while in society my name was being greeted with contempt, because I was trying to disturb the equanimity of those established methods. . . . Certain manufacturers were dissatisfied with the suggestions I had made regarding the improvement of the conditions of labor.

"I had an opportunity to reflect. . . . Here had been a King full of popularity, with his life given to a round of useless pleasures and worse than valueless to his people. A sudden recognition of what it all meant had inspired him to attempt to make valuable that which had theretofore been useless. . . . Night and day, he had given his most vital energies to helping people. And here he was, at the end of twenty months, a King out of a berth . . . sent away from his kingdom almost without a single protest from those whom he had tried to aid.

"With joy I welcomed the thought that hereafter I could with a free conscience be a free man.

"I find great pleasure in my talks with the woman who first aroused me to a sense of my kingly duties.

"She jokingly refers to herself as the instigator of my downfall."

Fantasy—This diary of the ex-King appeared, not last week, but as an anonymous fantasy, probably never intended as a prediction, in the old *Cosmopolitan* magazine in 1903, when he was a nine-year-old boy at play in a palace garden.

Yet a prediction it turned out to be—even to the contempt which greeted the tired monarch's name.

The bachelor Archbishop of Canterbury saw to that last fine detail. When he was a young curate, Queen Victoria found the present Primate of All England "so human," tho he resisted her attempts to make him marry. Once he rebuked the late King George, then Prince of Wales, for attending a Roman Catholic service, a gesture without royal precedent since James II. "A very good precedent, too!" the Prince shot back, but the prelate reminded him that the last Stuart king died in exile.

The seventh son of a seventh son, the Archbishop is still lucky at seventy-two, drawing $60,000 a year from the Established Church and enjoying an occasional cruise with J. P. Morgan. The London *Daily Express* considers the Archbishop "a great ecclesiastical statesman in the tradition of Wolsey and Richelieu—" not the martyred à Becket. "The fact that he is usually on the side of fashionable causes," the paper adds, "does not mean that he is afraid to say unpopular things if his principles urge him to."

One of his few snubs from the royal family came when he invited little Princess Elizabeth, heir to the throne, for a walk. "If you are going to talk to me about God, you needn't bother, thank you," she warned him, "because I know all about Him already."

Attack—In a radio address sponsored by the British Broadcasting Corporation, the Archbishop said last week: "On the eleventh day of December, 248 years ago, King James II fled from Whitehall. By a strange coincidence, on the eleventh day of December last week, King Edward VIII, after speaking his last words to his people, left Windsor Castle, center of all the splendid traditions of his ancestors, and his throne, and went out, an exile. In darkness he left these shores. . . .

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Jock McGovern flared up at the bishops

"With characteristic frankness he has told us his motive. It was craving for private happiness. Strange and sad it must be that for such a motive, however strongly it pressed upon his heart, he should have disappointed hopes so high and abandoned a trust so great. Even more strange and sad is it that he should have sought his happiness in a manner inconsistent with Christian principles of marriage and within a social circle whose standards and ways of life are alien to all the best instincts of his people.

"Let those who belong in this circle know to-day they stand rebuked by the judgment of the nation which had loved King Edward. . . .

"To the infinite mercy and protecting care of God we commit him now, wherever he may be."

Edward's friends, largely American, included Lady Cunard, a well-known hostess from California who married a leader in British shipping interests; Lady Mendl, famous as the decorator Elsie de Wolfe; Maxine Elliott, the actress; Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt's lovely twin sister, Lady Furness; and the Chicagoan, Henry Channon, husband of Lady Honor Guinness. His chief British cronies were his cousins, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten; Sir Alfred Duff Cooper, husband of Lady Diana Manners, and the Honorable Piers Legh, who accompanied the former monarch into exile from home.

Echoes—The Archbishop's attack echoed in Parliament, where Jock McGovern, radical Scottish M. P., flared: "Let the bishops get out and deal with the means test and never mind Mrs. Simpson. Let them deal with unemployment instead of kicking a man when he's down!"

"The United States has just seen the last of its 'radio priest,'" Lt. Com. Reginald Fletcher said later in the debate, "and if in this country the duties of radio priest and radio director are to be combined, then I think we are in for a very remarkable future, indeed."

H. G. Wells, writing for Universal Service, published the most violent reply to the prelate's "covertly libelous and incredibly insolent" remarks.

"Either His Grace was deliberately distorting things," Wells wrote, "or he was in all good faith giving way, as nasty old

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gentlemen do at times, to his own unchastened invention.

"It is fairly well known that King Edward's entourage consisted of lively, fresh, cheerful and interesting people and was as free as spring-water from the vice and squalor that this holy broadcaster of vile insinuations would impute to it. . . .

"There is absolutely nothing that I can find out about Mrs. Simpson that disqualifies her as a wife. My impression is that she would be a far nicer-minded and altogether cleaner house companion than His Grace. . . .

"For a long time, for too long, we modern English have been treating the Established Church with good-humored contempt. . . . We thought the Church funny. It is not funny.

"It is tortuous and dangerous. . . For the present I am a little ashamed of being English."

Resentment—From Austria, where the Duke of Windsor enjoyed the guarded hospitality of Baron Eugene de Rothschild in Castle Enzesfeld, came a story that he would protest to the King over the Archbishop's slurs on his friends, that he would answer the innuendos publicly, that he would marry Mrs. Simpson in a civil ceremony, and formally leave the church.

The Duke, it was reported, called royal marriages immoral, comparing them with horse-breeding. He expected Mrs. Simpson to join him in Austria for Christmas. The couple were wrangling over their marriage plans, the Duke wanting a private wedding, Mrs. Simpson insisting on a stylish affair.

These and other rumors circulated through Vienna coffee-houses and made the front pages of American newspapers. A Czech correspondent contributed the story that, after an "affectionate reunion," the couple had left for a holiday in the Austrian spa of Dianabad. The New York *Times*, denying the report, said:

"The holiday must have been short and damp, for Dianabad is Vienna's most popular swimming-pool. . . . It is scarcely likely that the artists busy circulating such tales have already installed their secret microphones in the former monarch's private apartment or have penetrated the ring of bayonets guarding Enzesfeld Castle to eavesdrop under his windows."

Privacy—As a matter of fact, like Mrs. Simpson at Cannes, the Duke refused to see the reporters who beleaguered him. Touched by the British photographers' plea that their assignment would keep them from their families at Christmas, he consented to pose for five minutes. Otherwise he spent the week nursing an infected ear, playing golf, bowling and rescuing his pet Cairn, Slipper, from the Baroness's Sealyham.

On the Riviera Mrs. Simpson ventured past her amateur guards for a little shopping, but the crowd of curious grew so thick that police had to rescue her from the shop. The Mayor sent her a bouquet of roses in apology, and, on an irate taxpayer's complaint, explained that he had bought it with his own money.

Mme. Tussaud's waxworks in London contributed a final irony to the historic triangle.

Around the corner from the former monarch's image, Mrs. Simpson, in a simple red evening gown, turns a fixed smile on the purple-robed Archbishop of Canterbury.

MADRID CRACK-DOWN:

Britain Warns Hitler on Aid to Fascists; New Approach in Mediation

As the Spanish Civil War entered its sixth month last week, Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco's long-delayed drive to take Madrid from its Leftist defenders hung on the answer which Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler is expected to make to England's firm demand that he cease to send officially sponsored German "volunteers" to aid the Spanish Fascists.

At the same time Great Britain, working hand-in-glove with France, obtained the official, tho lukewarm consent of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy to push her mediation efforts. To reassure British and foreign skeptics, Foreign Minister Anthony Eden hinted that "a slightly different approach" was being undertaken. Frankly admitting that "the present situation is profoundly unsatisfactory," Eden told the Commons that strong efforts were being made "to improve the effectiveness of the non-intervention agreement."

New Strategy—On the war front, however, bitter fighting continued unabated, with the Insurgent troops temporarily abandoning their original strategy of storming the Capital from the south. Instead, they redoubled their attacks through the northwest, with the object of mastering the Escorial road and thus establishing direct communications with their Guadalajara contingents over the Guadarrama mountain chain. Once effected, such a junction of his northern effectives would enable General Franco to engulf Madrid from north, west and south, leaving only the western front open for Loyalist movements.

In the Bay of Biscay sectors likewise, little progress was made by either side. There, both the Basque defenders of Bilbao and the Insurgent captors of San Sebastian feverishly negotiated for a Christmas truce, after having previously decided to exchange 8,000 prisoners.

Their morale reported to be still high, Madrid's Militiamen were aided by heavy fogs and snows in repulsing the repeated sallies of Moors and Foreign Legionnaires, while their pursuit planes were barely able to drive off General Franco's dread bombing-planes. With bated breath, however, *Madrileños* grimly awaited the Insurgents' impending major thrust.

New Unity—Paradoxically enough, in Catalonia, which thus far has escaped Insurgent attack, the ill-timed political rift between Anarcho-Syndicalists and less radical factions was temporarily healed when Italian planes bombed Port Bou on the Mediterranean. Fearing disunion, the *bourgeois* and proletarian elements got together and formed a representative Ministry vowed to fight their Fascist foes to the finish.

Disquieting to European statesmen also was the Insurgent Navy's seizure and burning of the Russian freighter *Komsomol* off the Algerian coast. To make matters worse, a few days later the Insurgent cruiser *España* dropped shells which almost hit the United States gunboat *Erie*—an incident which the State Department failed to protest.

But the Soviet Government, which holds the Loyalist cause close at heart, roundly characterized the *Komsomol* burning as "one of the most serious developments of the Spanish war."

"All the workers of the Soviet Union will learn of the sinking of the *Komsomol* with the most profound indignation," commented *Pravda*, organ of the Russian Communist Party.

FRENCH PRESS CURB:

Deputies Pass Libel Law and Leftists Find Roger Salengro Avenged

Premier Léon Blum's law to reform the press, which a comfortable majority upheld in the Chamber of Deputies, last week awaited the approval of the Senate.

One of the bitterest campaigns in French journalistic history failed to stop it in the lower house. "A Sensational Debate on Liberty of the Press," the Republican National weekly, *Je Suis Partout*, head-lined one of its stories, with the subhead: "M. Victor Hugo Violently Attacks the Government of Léon Blum and the Muzzling Law."

The great novelist's voice came from the

Pix

Premier Blum spoke at Salengro's funeral . . . now he urges that his death be avenged

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grave. Back in 1850 he had said, "There are fundamental truths which are the foundation of all democracy, and in particular of the great French Republic . . . the sovereignty of the people, universal suffrage, liberty of the press."

No other press, however, enjoys a great part of the liberty which Blum seeks to curtail. First, the law obliges newspapers and periodicals which appear thirty times or more a year to list their sources of revenue and to keep books for government inspectors.

Scandal—This provision should clean up the greatest scandal of the French press. Every party in France has its paper, and most industrial interests have theirs, or buy space as they need it. Sir Basil Zaharoff, munitions salesman, and the Comité des Forges (steel trust) were thus able to dignify their arms-selling campaigns as straight news. Diplomatic memoirs published early in the century reek with stories of the purchase of the notoriously venal French press.

Prince Bernhard von Bülow, German Chancellor, tells of the millions of marks which bought a "favorable public opinion" in France during the Agadir crisis. Aerenthal, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, relates that he disbursed 2,000,000 *kronen* to "prepare the peoples" of France, Germany, Italy and the Balkans for the "Buchlau bargain," by which Austria agreed not to oppose Russia's opening the Dardanelles, in return for Russia's acquiescence when he annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. Later Isvolski, the Russian Ambassador in Paris, complained that prices had risen to a point where a couple of million rubles a year would no longer buy a "good" French press.

Pro-Germanism—Even last March, when Hitler's troops marched into the Rhineland in defiance of the Versailles Treaty, newspapers led by the then semiofficial *Temps* were suspiciously pro-German, proclaiming that it was better to have a good neighbor beyond the Rhine, rather than the constant fear of communism.

The Blum press law also provides severe penalties for libel of "public men," meaning editors, writers and propagandists, as well as officials.

In France, politicians have long been the objects of attacks so slanderous and obscene that no Anglo-Saxon editor would dare print them.

Roger Salengro, Socialist Minister of the Interior in Blum's Cabinet, was the latest victim. Altho he had benefited from a general amnesty and been cleared by an impartial committee, the Nationalist press continued to rake over the charge that the "Cyclist" had leapt on his bicycle and deserted to Germany during the war. The Minister, heart-broken by the abuse, turned on the gas in his kitchen at Lille last month.

In presenting the bill to Parliament, Blum urged his supporters to avenge Salengro. The Premier insisted the bill was fair.

Moderate Radical Socialists, and pro-Spanish Socialists and Communists, tho they have recently been straining at their uneasy union behind Blum, united again to pass the measure, 371 to 196.

Roger Salengro was avenged.

CRISIS IN CUBA: President Gomez Defies All-Powerful Batista on Sugar Tax Proposal

An ominous hush, presaging a lowering political storm, hovered over Camp Columbia, military headquarters of the Cuban Army's Chief of Staff, Col. Fulgencio Batista. Khaki-clad soldiers, sauntering innocently among the barracks that dot the Camp, shot significant glances at the modest dwelling which served as home and office for Cuba's most powerful power behind the throne.

Calmly, the Power received various delegations of statesmen from near-by Havana, issued crisp orders on the crucial issue which last week threatened to plunge the country into another political tempest.

Meantime, President Miguel Mariano Gomez was pacing up and down his acre of marble-floored office in Havana, nervously toying with his horn-rimmed spectacles as he informed loyal party men that he would never sign the Sugar Tax Bill.

The bill, calling for a tax of 9 cents on every 100-pound bag of sugar produced in Cuba, was the brain child of Colonel Batista, who publicly announced that he wanted to use the proceeds, estimated at $2,000,000, to finance his military rural schools "for the good of the people."

Tender—Hoping to avert a dangerous crisis, the Mill Owners' Association offered to meet the tax voluntarily, even if the bill were defeated or vetoed by the President, for they feared the Power: in four years, it had seated and unseated seven Constitutional and Provisional Presidents in Cuba.

Batista, sure of his strength, refused compromise, had his supporters jam the bill through the Senate, while he harangued a mammoth demonstration of 40,000 field-workers at Pinar del Rio, rich tobacco- and sugar-growing Province. At the same time he blandly suffered the National Farmers' League to clamor for its quick passage through the House of Representatives.

Undaunted and bitter, President Gomez stuck to his guns and dubbed the bill "anti-democratic" and an invasion of the civil authority which "tends to militarize childhood."

Virtually all of Cuba's newspapers backed the Power, had his Congress supporters prepare legislation to impeach the President for "maladministration." Unable to agree on such a drastic move, Congressmen split into two opposing camps, for their ears still buzzed with Batista's recent statement to the press that he would not be afraid to head a dictatorship—"if it were necessary for the good of the country."

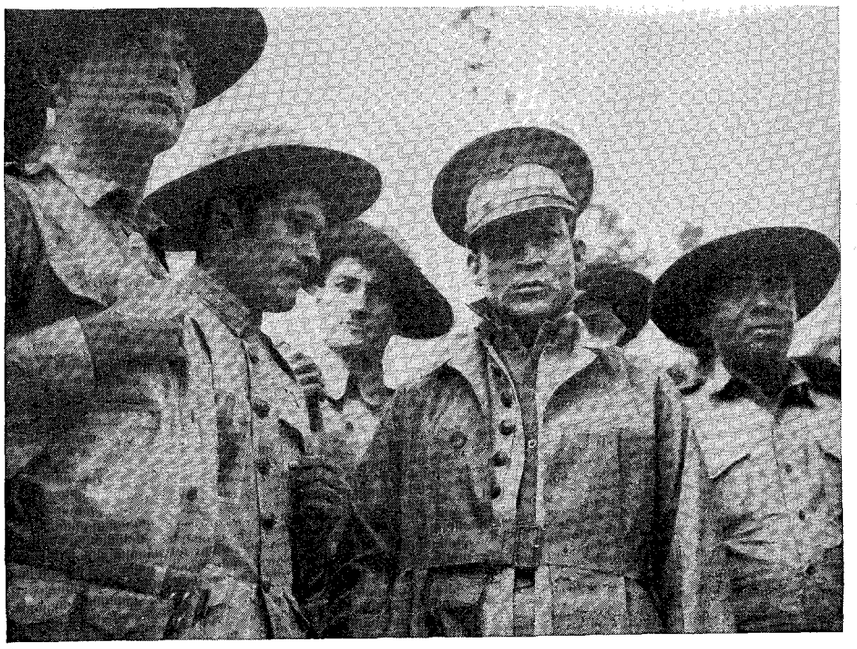
Cry of Fascism—Lone voice to echo President Gomez's unheeded warning was that of Rep. Eduardo Suarez Rivas, who bluntly characterized the clash between the Army and the civil administration as a struggle "between those who desire Government of the fascist type and those who are trying to maintain a democratic republican régime."

The Sugar Tax was not all. Batista's program, according to Jack O'Brine, Havana correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, also includes projects calculated to place the Army in control "of the national lottery, creation of new gasoline and income taxes and passage of a bill forcing workers to contribute one day's pay annually to the Army program." Through these projects, Batista is said to expect between ten and fifteen million dollars a year for the Army kitty.

Still in his early thirties, Batista relies on Cuba's rural workers and underprivileged classes for support. To make sure of it, he recently spun the scheme for operating 700 rural schools under Army teachers.

The idea took like wild-fire, for the schools have been closed during the last years of political turmoil, despite Gomez's repeated promises to reopen them. More than 90,000 children are said to have crowded these institutions, and adults clamored for night classes.

Program—Encouraged by the results, the Power decided to enlarge his educational program by establishing the Council for Education, Health and Welfare under Dr. Juan J. Remos, who received his education in Fascist Italy. The ambitious project contemplates instruction of the country's youth in countryside camps under Army



Acme

Colonel Batista would militarize Cuban education "for the good of the people"

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discipline, and the pupils are to be known as *practicos* (guides). A sergeant professor heads each school, with orders to be a "wise, helpful, kind, rigidly disciplined builder of confidence."

Fashioned along fascist lines, the Batista educational network includes doctors, nurses and agricultural and hospital facilities calculated to win the gratitude of Cuba's peons. The country is to be strategically divided into 700 districts, each containing twenty-five schools commanded by an Army lieutenant.

"The present situation," cables J. D. Phillips, Havana correspondent of the New York *Times*, "is the result of an accumulation of incidents over several months, during which President Gomez has seen his control of Congress vanish under an avalanche of propaganda designed to reduce his popularity."

"The days of the present Government are numbered," commented the *Finanzas Commercial*. "The President has no support among the people, Congress or the press. What will he do?"

LIBERAL COLOMBIA: Democracy Bulwarked by New Constitution Under President López

Tall and impressively genteel, Dr. Alfonso López, President of the Republic of Colombia, beamed with satisfaction last week as he faced a group of smiling Cabinet members, who had come to his beautiful Palacio de la Carrera to witness his signing of the reform bills recently passed by his liberal Congress.

Bogotá, proud Capital of Colombia and "Athens of South America," buzzed with rumors that the new Constitution, recently amended, would soon spur the Conservative stalwarts against its radical measures, particularly those which substitute lay for Catholic education, extend government control over industry and call for expropriation of private property without indemnity.

Hailed widely as one of the most democratic Republics in South America, Colombia went through a drastic, yet bloodless, political and social transformation six years ago, when, profiting by a split in Conservative ranks, the Liberal Party put up a last-minute candidate, Dr. Olaya Herrera, and won the elections. More than forty years of Conservative rule was upset overnight.

Dr. Olaya Herrera had won the election by promising to restrict the Church's power —a policy which roused the Roman Catholic Primate to issue a circular urging his defeat. Fearing the execution of this anti-Church policy and radical reforms, the Conservatives boycotted the elections when Doctor López ran for office, leaving the Presidential contest between him and the Communist candidate—Eutiquio Timote.

Foe of Reds—A firm believer in democracy, Doctor López wanted a law to curb the President's power with a view to sparing his country the frequent *coups d'états* which mark Latin-American politics. Foiled, he hastily reassured the upper classes that the country was yet unprepared for socialism. To convince them of his moderate policy, he firmly suppressed communist agitators who urged the peasants

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Alfonso López found Conservatives and clergy lined up against his Constitution

and tenants to rise against the large *haciendistas*.

With equal energy he buckled down to the task of putting his social and political reforms under the socialist-minded Minister of Government, Larjo Echandia, jammed a bill through Congress decreeing an eight-hour day and forty-eight-hour week for non-agricultural workers.

At the same time he met the stiffening challenge of the Conservatives by publicly declaring that the "rich would learn what taxes are and what they mean." Only a Supreme Court order prevented his carrying out his soak-the-rich plan, which so scared the privileged classes that they formed a coalition party, the *Accion Patriotica Economica Nacional*.

A devotee of practical doctrines, Doctor López insists that Colombia's faulty educational system has resulted in turning out too many doctors and lawyers and too few technicians. To remedy this condition, he advocates vocational courses and encourages mining, engineering and agricultural experts to develop native enterprise. The new Constitution accordingly decrees that "the State shall have supreme supervision over and care of teaching institutions, public and private." Women are given the right to run for office, but are denied suffrage rights.

Finger-Printing—Aiming to prevent fraud, voters are required to obtain a *cedula*, or a certificate of identification, bearing their photographs and finger-prints — a law which, Conservatives assert, is calculated to discriminate against them by enabling the authorities to delay the issuance of *cedulas* to their members.

Last March Conservative grievances against the Government were thus outlined by the Catholic Episcopate:

(1) The new Constitution would substitute lay for Catholic education; (2) would allow divorce by mutual consent; (3) would recognize foreign divorces even in Catholic marriages; (4) would permit State intervention in Catholic social and charitable institutions, provide for State regulation of church donations; (5) would grant legal standing to Masonic lodges; (6) would require private schools to accept illegitimate children, regardless of racial or religious distinctions.

PAN-AMERICA: Argentina Blocks American League, Neutrality Proposal Adopted

Argentina's last-ditch stand for an American League of Nations under the egis of the Geneva body dealt a death-blow to the western hemisphere's hope of organizing its own peace body at the Buenos Aires Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace last week.

Stanchly upholding its original idea of coordinating such a body with the activities of the present League of Nations, Argentina's delegation was aided by those of Brazil and Chile against the equally adamant stand of the smaller Latin nations. Under guidance of Dr. Carlos Saavedra Lamas, Chairman of the Conference and head of the Argentine delegation, the so-called ABC nations even refused to refer this issue to the Montevideo Conference, scheduled to take place two years hence.

Heartening to the delegates and their Governments, however, was the final approval by the twenty-one assembled nations of the revised Pan-American Coordination and Neutrality Draft, tho weakened by Argentina's stubborn insistence that it leave leeway for the signatory Powers to conform with their "rights and duties" as members of the League of Nations while abiding by its pledges.

Escape Clauses—By clever maneuvering, the pact lost its effectiveness when escape clauses were introduced in the form of reservations specifying that the joint neutrality program should under no condition be used as a justification for members to evade the collective neutrality obligations under the League.

Before the final seal of approval was placed on the neutrality agreement, Argentina's balky delegation once more persisted in its demand that Latin nations retain the right to ship food supplies or extend loans for food intended for civilian consumption, thus neatly extracting the teeth.

Having complaisantly witnessed the whittling away of the effective clauses of his Neutrality Draft, Secretary of State Cordell Hull hoped to inject an optimistic note by making a valiant plea for equality of treatment instead of the present exchange control, and urged the American Governments to reduce "unreasonable and excessive trade barriers of all kinds" as a contribution toward peace in the New World.

"The United States has received one serious defeat after another in the Pan-American Conference," comments the *New Republic*, "and all the discreet language of diplomacy has failed to conceal that fact. . . . The half-fascist States below the equator do not share Mr. Roosevelt's alarm about a seizure of land in this hemisphere by Germany or Italy. Their gaze is still toward Europe and not toward the north."

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Parade

"To think," wailed **Howard Miller,** feed store operator of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, "that I told that sour-looking mug I loved him and wanted to marry him!"

Called "dumpling" in a long correspondence with a supposedly beautiful nineteen-year-old Kansas City girl, Miller arrived to find his bride. At detective headquarters he learned that his betrothed was none other than Robert Harvey, fifty-three, held by Federal officers on charges of mail fraud. Miller had already forwarded $50 for a trousseau and money for the fare to Pennsylvania. Authorities assured him this had been Harvey's usual procedure. At the jail, the prisoner greeted his mail "wooer" with "Hi, Dumpling!" Federal officers refused Miller's request to be allowed to kick his erstwhile fiancée in the pants.

* * *

A deaf-mute since birth, a dancer since she was fourteen, **Miss Frances Woods** keeps time by "feeling the vibrations" traveling through the wood of a stage or dance-floor. Educated at schools for the deaf in Youngstown and Columbus, Ohio, Miss Woods is now appearing in a Chicago night-club.

* * *

Lillian Hellman, playwright, maintains Hollywood is not such a bad place if you're working there. "However," she added, "it still stands as the most preposterous civilization of all time, and in a way that's fascinating. I mean, things like the elaborate and pretentious dinner-parties the film people give. You find yourself twelve at table with twelve footmen and two majordomos, and then food that you'd throw right back at the counterman in a dairy-lunch is set before you with fancy gestures and on gold plate. I've had tired old chicken put in front of me by powdered flunkies out there that they wouldn't serve at a public lunch for 5,000 people in New York."

* * *

Delighted at the reception of his "escort agency" in London, **Ted Peckham,** enterprising American, prepared to introduce his service at Paris and Cairo. "I've signed up 100 lords to act as paid escorts for lonely English ladies," he said, "and I've got another thirty honorables and such-like, including the younger sons of titled families. Of course, they haven't any handles—you know, titles—but they're fine, refined fellows." Peckham hopes to send at least "a couple of earls" to America for the height of the social season.

* * *

In Princeton University's Triangle Club musical comedy, "Take It Away," **John W. Chapman** of Overbrook, Pennsylvania, is one of the more "attractive young ladies of Old Nassau." With ear-rings, fans and stream-line décolleté, the prancing and stately undergraduate chorines will tour fifteen cities of the East and Midwest in the annual barnstorming trip.

* * *

"I hate to think," declared **George C. Martin,** Secretary of the Government's Board on Geographical Names, "of the historical errors that have resulted because white men did not understand what the Indian was saying. Half the time the Indian wouldn't know what the white man was talking about. Finally, he would say in his own tongue—'I don't know, white man big fool for asking'—and that, in Indian language, would go down as the name for a brook or lake."

Acme

Rhythm through vibrations: Frances Woods

* * *

"A poem is like an egg," declared **Audrey Wurdemann,** Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, in a lecture at Memphis, Tennessee. "It is either good or bad. There is an awful lot of fuss about form. But a poem can't be 'pretty good.'"

* * *

Stating he was "disgusted with the United States" after two and a half months here as a roving correspondent for the London *Daily Mail,* **Randolph Churchill** sailed for England. Three times defeated for the British House of Commons, the son of Winston Churchill, British statesman, was an extra for one day while in Hollywood.

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"Take It Away" . . . it's John Chapman

Receiving a check for $7.50 for his acting, he chuckled, "That's more than a real member of the House receives."

* * *

Pierre Yantorny, sixty-one, self-styled "most expensive bootmaker in the world," died at his farm near Paris. Altho he often gave away his "works of art" to ladies with the most beautiful feet, he sometimes charged—and received—$1,000 for making three pairs of shoes. Doing all the work himself, he turned down many orders.

* * *

"A smile is a good beginning," advised **Dr. Louis R. Hill** of Los Angeles. "Every dentist should install a large mirror in his office and practise smiling before each patient enters. Then he should walk around the chair and greet the new arrival with that smile." He added that a little psychology would help, too, such as substituting the word "remove" for "extract" and "smoothen" instead of "grind."

* * *

"When I write a song at the piano it is always lousy," said **Cole Porter,** composer ("You're the Top," "I've Got You Under My Skin"). "I can feel my fingers in the music. So I never play a song until it's finished—then I polish it up at the piano. . . . Tunes are like women's hats. They change every year—several times a year."

* * *

To dramatize the horror, tragedy and destruction of a motor-car accident, **Charles M. Hayes,** President of the Chicago Motor Club, suggested a new word—"Aik." It is composed of the first letters of "accidents," "injured" and "killed." "Last year the nation's 'aik' was well over 2,000,000," he stated.

* * *

"My whole job rests upon the fact that truth is stranger than fiction," declared **Robert L. Ripley,** "Believe It or Not" collector. "The reason why truth is so startling at times is because many people have stored up a knowledge of material, much of which is fiction. For instance, very few persons offhand can name the seven wonders of the world. And few doctors can rattle off the names of the five senses!"

* * *

Students of **Grinnell College,** Grinnell, Iowa, are decidedly against the osculation ban in winter to avoid head-colds as suggested at the University of Utah. "I'm immune to colds," said one football star. "Take cod-liver oil and kiss, is my motto." A spokesman for the co-eds agreed: "Happiness is more important than health."

* * *

"Americans must be very honest people," commented **Mme. Ada De Kofoed,** Danish journalist. "The New York bus man does not give a ticket. He puts a little machine in front of you, and when you have dropped your money in, he takes it out at the other end and puts it in his pocket."

* * *

Several hundred Pittsburgh business men, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, actors, policemen, judges, newspaper men and public officials tied canvas change-bags around their necks, paraded the city streets selling newspapers in the eleventh annual **Old Newsboys' Day,** sponsored by the Pittsburgh *Press.* All of the participants had once been newsboys. From the sales, more than $4,500 was raised for a Children's Hospital Fund.

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HEART DISEASE AND NEEDLESS TERROR

Many Sufferers Live Long; Organ Lifts Ton Load 8 Stories Daily

When a robust man falls dead, friends cluck sympathetically, murmur "heart disease."

Most people associate sudden death with maladies of the heart. Many persons with high blood pressure worry incessantly over imminent heart attacks—they have heard somewhere that high blood pressure causes heart failure, that it brings on hardening of the arteries.

Last week, before the New York Heart Association, Dr. Ernst P. Boas reminded his audience that high blood pressure isn't a serious malady, that many people live twenty, thirty, forty years with it, that it should not be confused with hardening of the arteries, altho there are times when the two are associated.

Only 7 to 10 per cent. of deaths from heart disease are "sudden." Of these, few come without warning. Most victims are long aware of their sick hearts, live years with pumps that require special care, murmur, falter. Many live longer than they might otherwise; they learn to take care of themselves.

Yet these affairs of the heart are not to be taken lightly. Last year, 300,000 Americans died of them. Some 2,000,000 now living suffer from heart maladies. Heart disease is the greatest single cause of death in the United States, kills three times as many men as women. At age forty-five, twice as many die from heart disease as from the next worst killer, cancer. At sixty-five, bad hearts kill three times as many as cancer. More people are dying of heart disease to-day than at any time in history—in a typical State like Massachusetts, 143.8 per 100,000 were dying of heart disease in 1900; in 1928, 234.5; proportional increases since.

Brighter Side—Dismaying as these statistics are, the picture has its bright side. What statistics actually reveal is not so much that heart disease is increasing as that other diseases are decreasing. People are living longer. There are twice as many people over forty to-day as a generation ago. Thousands who would have died in infancy and youth, victims of an earlier generation's ignorance of sanitation and hygiene, now live to reach those years in which heart disease takes its greatest toll. Only half of those who die of heart disease succumb before seventy.

Children, however, are not spared. From ages five to nine, deaths from heart disease trail only slightly behind accidents and pneumonia, the chief killers. From ten to fourteen, heart diseases lead all causes of death (altho the age of eleven is the healthiest in the average individual's life, when diseases of infancy have been survived, those of maturity are not yet threatening). Between fifteen and thirty-four, heart disease drops to second place as cause of death; after that it takes top rank to the end.

The heart has the hardest job of any organ in the body. Hold out your hand, clench the fingers into a fist. Let the fingers relax slightly, then squeeze them together powerfully. Imagine yourself repeating this operation seventy times a minute, unremittingly, hour after hour, from long before your birth to the instant of your death. That is the appalling assignment of the human heart, a task which it performs so uncomplainingly that few of us are aware of its burden until we run up-stairs too fast or until our physician wags his stethoscope at a mitral murmur.

Athletes—A hollow muscle weighing some nine ounces, the heart is about as big as your closed fist. Its size varies in individuals; unusual body strains often call upon it for overtime labor, result in its enlargement. "Athlete's heart" is popularly considered to be an inevitable penalty for indulgence in strenuous sports.

Yet Lou Gehrig, first baseman for the New York Yankees, rated as the "iron man" of baseball for his record of playing in 1,808 consecutive games, has a heart smaller than the average. Dr. Joseph Eidelsberg, who examined Gehrig, believes that small hearts are characteristic of athletes with great endurance. Paavo Nurmi has a small heart; so has Clarence De Mar, former American marathon champion.

The common misconception that the heart is located on the left side of the chest is a bit of folk-lore unfounded in fact. Actually, it is a flattened, pear-shaped pouch which lies very nearly in the middle line of the chest, normally very slightly to left of center. The lower and narrower end of the heart thumps against the chest-wall as it beats, can be felt on the left side, hence its erroneous placement by the physiologically innocent.

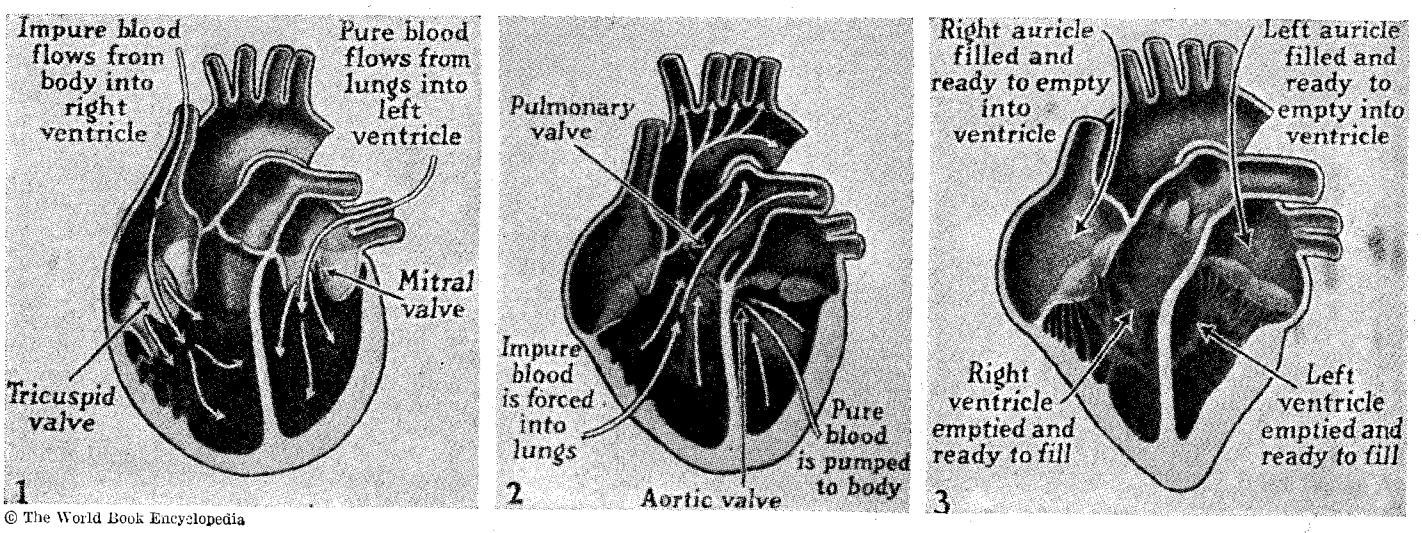
The task of the heart is to keep blood moving through the body. Like the pumping station which keeps water flowing through the mains of a city, the heart forces blood through the body's arteries and veins. The arteries carry oxygen-charged blood pumped fresh from the lungs; the veins return turgid, venous blood for purification. (From the bluish hue of venous blood, best observed beneath white, thin skin, comes the term "blue-blood" to describe an aristocrat.)

Connecting the arteries and veins is a spongy mass of minute vessels, the capillaries, interlacing among the cells. They are inconceivably numerous. No part of the body can be cut without puncturing one or more of them. Opened and spread out, they would cover a plot of ground 240 x 240 feet—about 3,000 times the surface of the body. End to end, the capillaries would extend four times around the earth, would fall only a few thousand miles short of reaching half the distance to the moon.

Power—Through this amazingly complex and elastic system of pipe-lines the heart pumps blood continuously against pressure sufficient to raise a column of mercury to a height of five inches (giving doctors their measurement of blood pressure: the number of millimeters to which the mercury column is elevated). At forty, normal blood pressure is about 130 m.m.

Normally, the heart forces all five quarts of the body's blood through the circulatory system about once a minute. This can fluctuate from four quarts a minute when the body is at rest, and nine quarts a minute during moderate exercise, up to sixteen quarts a minute during violent physical exertion. A drop of blood can make its round trip through the circulatory system in twenty-two seconds. Each hour, the heart swishes a barrel of blood through the body, seven and a half tons of blood a day.

In twenty-four hours the heart performs work equivalent to lifting a one-ton elevator to a height of eight stories. If a ladder were attached to the side of the Empire State Building, and if you were a person of average weight, you could climb to the 1,000-foot level on the work done by the heart in twenty-four hours. To produce


Impure blood flows from body into right ventricle
Pure blood flows from lungs into left ventricle
Mitral valve
Tricuspid valve
1
Pulmonary valve
Impure blood is forced into lungs
Pure blood is pumped to body
Aortic valve
2
Right auricle filled and ready to empty into ventricle
Left auricle filled and ready to empty into ventricle
Right ventricle emptied and ready to fill
Left ventricle emptied and ready to fill
3

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Course of the blood through the heart: five quarts a minute, seven and a half tons a day

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this energy output, the heart beats 70 times a minute, 100,000 times a day, 36,500,000 times a year. A life span of sixty years is paid for at the cost of 2,000,000,000 contractions.

Functions—All this unceasing movement of the blood from the great pumping-station of the heart serves four vital functions: (1) provides the cells with oxygen, (2) provides them with food, (3) carries waste materials away, (4) delivers hormones, which are chemical messengers produced by glands for the activation of various body parts. If this circulation stops for even a minute or two, death follows. The first organ to die is the brain. Persons revived after two minutes of heart stoppage are likely to be paralyzed or have permanent brain damage. Other organs can live longer without fresh blood. The skin remains alive several days.

Charged with these vital responsibilities, the heart can not falter. Yet it is by no means a tireless, never-resting organ. The heart is a muscle, and no muscle can perform unceasingly without rest. The heart relaxes between beats, the normal organ thus snatching some sixteen hours of rest a day. The faster it beats, the less time for rest. At 100 beats a minute, the resting-time equals the working-time; at 150 beats a minute, the heart rests only eight hours a day. The smaller the animal, the faster the normal pulse. The heart of a tiny baby beats 120 times a minute, that of a child of seven, ninety times. In the adult the rate varies between seventy and eighty, with seventy-two average.

In the embryo the heart is one of the first organs to develop, appearing about three weeks after the unborn child begins to form. It begins as a tube-shaped bit of flesh, like the heart of an earthworm. Growing faster than the tough sac enclosing it, the tube doubles, squirms into an S. From this infolded structure, the complete human heart develops.

Opening—At birth the heart has its two auricles, receiving-chambers for the blood, and its two tough-muscled ventricles, the pumping-chambers. But, as in lizards and other reptiles, there is still an opening between right and left auricles. Venous blood mixing through this valve with arterial blood gives the new-born child its reddish-blue color. After a few days the valve permanently closes, the skin hue becomes normal.

The heart-beat consists of a relaxation, then a powerful squeeze, like the closing of a fist. In the relaxation phase, the heart fills with blood. It then contracts, sending two powerful streams, one through the lungs, the other through the body. The right auricle fills with turgid, venous blood which flows through a flap valve into the right ventricle. The muscle then contracts, driving the blood through the pulmonary artery into the lungs. Returning from the lungs, the blood flows into the left auricle. On the next relaxation, it pours through a flap valve into the powerful left ventricle. The subsequent contraction swishes it, bright red, crammed with oxygen, into the aorta, the largest artery of the body, from which tributary arteries branch away to all parts of the body.

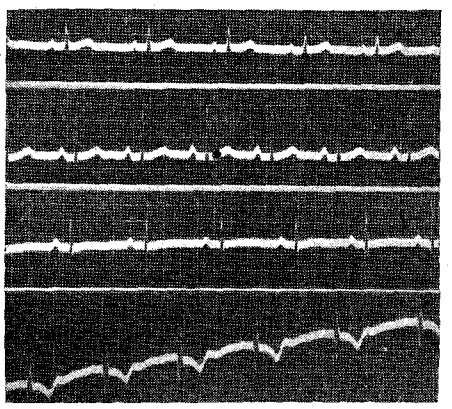
To keep the beat in proper rhythm, serving somewhat the same purpose as the balance-wheel of a watch, the heart has a little bundle of nervous material in the right auricle known as the pacemaker. But if anything goes wrong with the rhythmic nerve impulses, the heart will go on beating, tho jerkily and irregularly. Amazingly enough, the heart continues to beat even if removed from the body, detached from all nerves, as long as its blood supply continues.

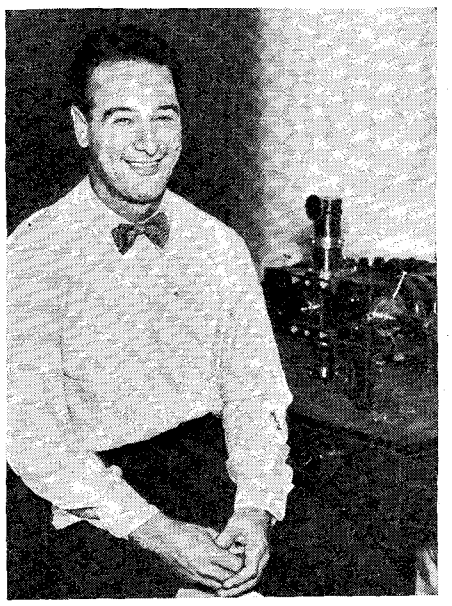
Adrenalin—If a heart stops beating—as it sometimes does on the operating-table or under shock—the patient can often be snatched from death by a dexterous surgeon injecting adrenalin directly into the heart muscle. The adrenals, two small glands perched atop the kidneys, pump the hormone adrenalin into the blood in times of fear, anger, excitement. One of the most powerful of hormones, adrenalin, causes some blood vessels to constrict, speeds the beating of the heart, prepares the body for action during emergencies.

But most important of all cardiac drugs is digitalis. Last week digitalis was given to Pope Pius XI, lying ill in the Vatican, to correct his irregular heart action.

As you read these words, hundreds of flagging or racing hearts, in hospitals or home sick-beds, are responding to the beneficent effects of digitalis. Digitalis is the great regulator—if a heart has been racing, digitalis will slow it more nearly to normal; if it has been lagging, digitalis will stimulate it to more rapid action.

Medical romance is woven deeply into the 150-year history of digitalis, a drug produced from leaves of the foxglove plant, notable for the beauty of its bell-like purplish flowers. In the Middle West foxglove is cultivated on drug farms; it grows wild in Washington, Oregon, New York. Yet every year from 15,000 to 70,000 pounds of digitalis-leaves are imported into the United States for manufacturing the drug.





New York World-Telegram Photos

Gehrig, baseball's "iron man," has small heart: (above) electrocardiogram of his heart-beat

Heart diseases include those due to coronary disease, arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries), high blood pressure, accounting for nearly half the deaths; rheumatic heart disease, accounting for about 25 per cent; syphilitic heart disease, thyroid heart disease, rheumatic heart disease, and diseases from miscellaneous and unidentified causes, accounting for another 25 per cent. Of these, syphilitic heart disease can be prevented, thyroid heart disease cured. The others are usually improved by treatment.

Feeding the heart muscle are two serpentine arteries which turn back from the aorta, crawling over the heart surface and giving off smaller branches into the interior of the muscle. These are the coronary arteries. Their dysfunction accounts for half the deaths from heart disease.

With age, arteries all over the body begin to thicken, to lose their elasticity. Laymen know this ailment as hardening of the arteries, doctors as arteriosclerosis. It is manifested earlier in some organs than in others. When the coronary arteries are thickened, the size of the tubes may be reduced, the heart partly starved. Or it may cause spasmodic contraction of one of the arteries or branches.

Pain—The result is terrific pain in the chest, stomach, left shoulder and down the arm, sometimes to the fingers. It is agonizing in the extreme. The first attack usually comes without warning. Patients often recover, live for many years. Victims of angina pectoris may regard their disease optimistically (tho many, unreasonably frightened, irrationally dreading instant death, worry themselves into an unnecessary state of invalidism). Good care, the following of a physician's advice, often prolong the lives of angina victims for many years.

Physicians can relieve pain in most such cases with small doses of nitroglycerin. Attacks can be prevented or reduced in frequency by proper diet, care to avoid severe exercise, abstaining from alcohol and tobacco. Worry, excitement, excessive smoking, bad digestion are considered contributing factors.

Vague are the causes of coronary thrombosis, more painful than angina, more often fatal. The victim is terrified by fear of imminent death. In this disease the aging, puckering heart arteries become suddenly plugged with a blood-clot (thrombus). If it stops circulation in a main coronary artery, death may result quickly. If the clot plugs a relatively unimportant branch, the victim may recover, after days or weeks of absolute rest to permit the heart muscle time to repair the damage.

Violent stomach pain and nausea often accompany coronary thrombosis, hence the tendency of laymen to ascribe such deaths to "acute indigestion." The heart lies near the stomach; both organs are controlled by the same part of the sympathetic nervous system. Indigestion puts an extra strain on the heart, may actually precipitate coronary disease.

Heredity—Doctors know little about the causes of high blood pressure, except that it tends to occur in families, in its earlier stages is probably a nervous disorder. Many people have high blood pressure, live with it amicably for years. But they tend in the course of time to develop heart disease, apoplexy, hardening of the arteries,

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kidney disease. More than 60 per cent. eventually suffer from heart disease.

In early days, elevation of blood pressure is due not to any organic disease of the arteries, but to increased tone or state of contraction of the smallest arteries. The heart must work harder to pump the vital fluid through such arteries, may grow larger to meet increased demands, murmur, falter. Diet, rest and medication can often reduce blood pressure, and heart symptoms usually disappear.

Thyroid heart disease can usually be promptly, completely cured. The thyroid gland produces a chemical substance known as thyroxin, a body hormone, which speeds metabolism, makes urgent demands on the heart to supply extra oxygen for the process. When the thyroid gland is diseased, producing too much thyroxin, the heart is driven at top speed. It enlarges, becomes poisoned. Surgical operation on the thyroid, slicing out part of the gland, usually restores the heart to normal.

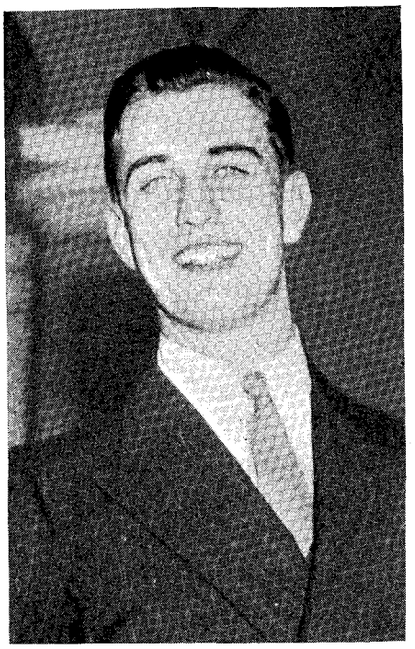
Syphilitic heart disease can be prevented by early treatment of syphilis. In the third stage of syphilis, which may follow the original infection by twenty years or more, the syphilitic organisms often attack the heart or arteries. Even after the heart is attacked, prompt syphilitic treatment often improves it. But damage done before treatment can seldom be fully repaired. A neglected syphilitic heart may be a permanently crippled heart, even after the last spirochæte is killed.

Children—Chief cause of heart disease in children is rheumatic fever. Between the ages of five and fifteen, rheumatic heart tops all other diseases as a cause of death. It is produced by an unknown organism. Commonly, it begins with sore throat, followed in a week or two by painful, swollen joints. Often it masquerades as "growing pains," or St. Vitus Dance. For some reason, the toxin of rheumatic fever has a special affinity for the heart. When the joints swell, the heart muscle is likely to become inflamed, too. Sometimes the child dies of heart failure; more often the inflammation subsides, but leaves the delicate flap-valves of the heart nubbly, warty with scar tissue. No longer smooth-fitting, they begin to leak.

Medicine is helpless here, for no way is known to prevent rheumatic fever. It strikes most frequently between five and ten, is most common among the poor. The only successful treatment is to rest in bed an ample time after the attack. Patients usually do well if they are sent South during the winter.

Closely linked with emotions, responding with a flutter to romantic stimuli, with a surge of oxygen-crammed blood as combat looms, the heart was the seat of life and thought to Greek physicians, remains today symbolic of love. Merely to think apprehensively of the heart may start it beating wildly. Many a heart "sufferer" has nothing wrong with his heart, suffers only from worry, mental conflict, frustration, or flight from responsibility *via* the malingering route. Every doctor meets such cases. Many furiously resent being told there is nothing organically wrong with them.

There was the case of Miss C., recently reported in the *Journal of the Missouri Medical Association* by Dr. Lee D. Cady of St. Louis. She complained of insomnia, horrible dreams, smothering spells, "heart jumps" and palpitation. There was nothing wrong with her heart, but she had been



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Streptococcus victor . . . Franklin Roosevelt, Jr.

the youngest child in a big family, early learned that temper tantrums got attention. She married, but could not live with her husband. She fell in love a second time with a man who noted her jealousy, possessiveness, tantrums, and decided to remain single. It was then her "symptoms" appeared. She still has them.

Mr. P., a forty-year-old sales manager, had a "lurching heart" and spells of dizziness. The doctor could find nothing wrong, but did learn that Mr. P. was dissatisfied and worried about his job. His company had recently changed its sales policy. Mr. P considered the new method crooked. He was ashamed, but unable to change his occupation. His "heart trouble" promptly appeared.

The heart itself feels no pain. Illness comes upon it by degrees. Symptoms are vague, may indicate some other disease as readily. Shortness of breath is a sign, but normal persons experience it, too. If breathing is easier sitting up than lying down, heart disease is suggested. Fatigue, a continual tired feeling, may be due to a sick heart. Pressure or pain in the chest is present to some extent in practically every form of cardiac ailment, but chest pain does not always mean heart disease. Only a physician can decide, after thorough examination.

To combat heart disease, the American Heart Association, with headquarters at 50 West Fiftieth Street, New York City, was formed. Branches are at work in cities throughout the country. Biggest and most active is the New York Heart Association, affiliated with the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association. It is headed by heart specialist Dr. Ernst P. Boas.

Fighting cardiac ailments by research and education, the organization confesses it knows no sure way to prevent heart diseases, except syphilitic and thyroid types. It offers no advice except restraint, moderation in diet, exercise and work; semiannual physical examinations.

It can supply to-day no better counsel than did Solomon, 3,000 years ago, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." (Proverbs 4:23.)

SCIENCE SHORTS

Sinus—In a Boston hospital last week, swarming streptococci bred wildly in the sinuses of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. The President's son fought a raging fever, victim of what is popularly known as "sinus trouble," infection of the air-containing cavities connected with the nose. While waiting for his temperature to subside to permit an operation, physicians tried a new treatment introduced in the United States last June.

Every four hours young Roosevelt received an intramuscular injection of *prontosil*, supplemented by tablets of *prontylin*. His hemolytic streptococcus throat infection, an illness distinct from his sinus condition, showed swift improvement, fever subsided. Later an operation was performed for relief of his sinus ailment.

Not a "cure" for sinus trouble, useful only as blood purifiers in case of streptococcic infection, *prontosil* and *prontylin* have won unofficial approval of medicos. A product of German research, announced in 1935, the drugs have the property of attacking bacteria in the blood stream. First of this type was salvarsan, used in syphilis treatment, produced by Ehrlich half a century ago. *Prontosil* and *prontylin* seem most effective in fighting streptococci infections, will be valuable, physicians believe, in tonsilitis and diphtheria.

* * *

Radio—On a good radio night, 12,000,000 receiving sets are in operation in the United States. Of the millions of watts of electric power poured into the ether by broadcasting stations, one-half of a single watt is the sum total of energy actually picked up by 12,000,000 greedy antennæ—for them all, approximately the amount of current required to light a flashlight. It has all been figured out by O. H. Caldwell, former Federal Radio Commissioner, and must make proud broadcasters with 500,000-watt stations feel pretty miserable.

* * *

Man-Sized Meal—One man a day is the proper-sized meal for a young finner whale, Prof. Johan Hjort of the University of Oslo reports. Whales do not swallow men, could not if they would, but they do put on the weight of a full-grown man every day. A large finner whale will weigh as much as 1,500 real he-men.

* * *

Counter—Dr. A. L. MacKinney, of Asheville, North Carolina, has just finished counting every needle of two pine-trees. The trees were the same age, but one was stunted. It had only 30,000 needles. The other, thirty-four feet from the bottom limb to the top, had 325,000 needles.

* * *

Suffocating to Music—Dr. Yoshimasa Yagi, Japanese entomologist, has discovered an inexpensive but cruel way to kill the maggot-like parasites that infest silkworms. He plays jazz music to them; the maggots hastily dig into their hosts and quickly suffocate.

* * *

Grapefruit Juice—Canned grapefruit juice tastes better, says the Department of Agriculture, if it is poured back and forth between containers before serving. This restores some of the air removed during the canning process.

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"OLDSMOBILE HAS S

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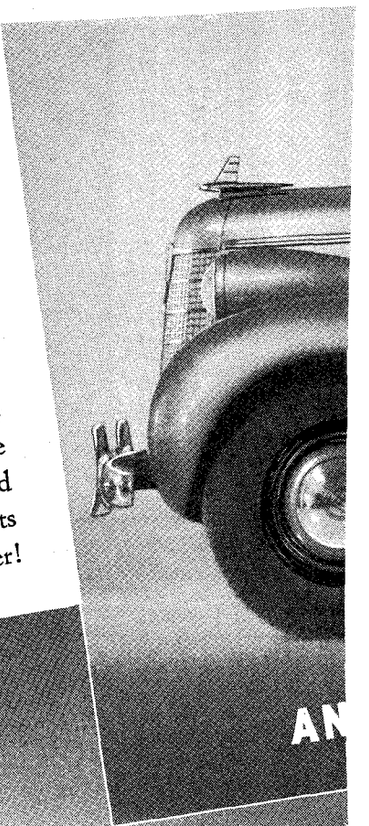

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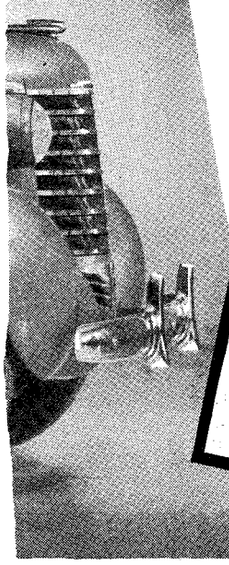

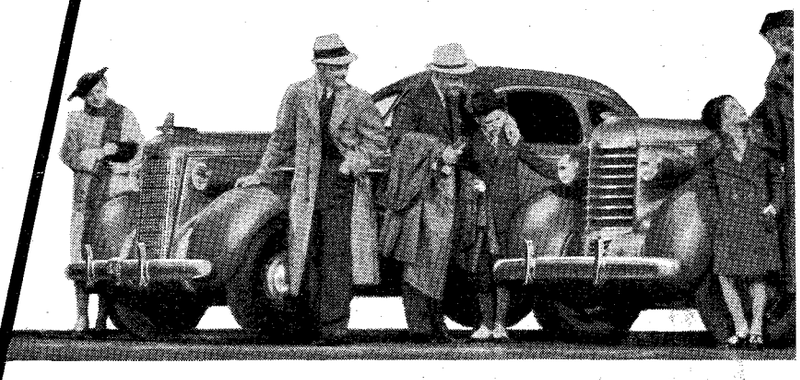

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FARCICAL ANTICS OF LOVABLE LOONS

"You Can't Take It With You" Cheering to Broadway

Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, the American theater's No. 1 typewriter clowns, dusted off a few ancient situations last week, peopled their new comic whirlwind with an antic family of Manhattan dafts and loosed the most frantic comedy of the season on New York ticket-buyers.

"You Can't Take It With You," a parlor study in tribe mania, established a new howl record for the season, tumbled a white-tie-and-sables audience into hysterics of laughter. When it was over, the play turned out to be an expertly fabricated formula comedy geared to farce speed, nodding agreeably to at least one pet native yarn, "Alice Adams."

The giddy combination of Hart and Kaufman, shrewd in the machinery of theater, practised in oiling the right gears at the right time, put together a play about the *Sycamores* of the Columbia University district of upper Manhattan Island. Dwelling balmily in Claremont Avenue, a full twenty blocks south of the Washington Heights area in which most critics insisted on placing the scenes, the *Sycamores* led a gauzily daffy life dappled with pet snakes, printing-presses, ex-icemen, xylophones, butlers on relief and similar insanities.

Lovable Loons—Neither author, pitching jests into the comedy with both hands, gave the audience a moment to relax, a double-moment to take a full view and recognize the thinness of the piece. Twice as thin as a forty-cent piece of window glass and just as transparent, "You Can't Take It With You" is an evening in an amiable, amateur psychopathic ward, peopled with lovable loons.

The senior madman, gentle, philosophic *Grandfather Vanderhof*, a graying crackpot, had not worked for thirty-five years, having, in 1901, gone to work one morning, taken a second thought after he got there and come back home, never again to toil for gain. He passed his days attending commencement exercises to jeer at the orators, strolling through zoos to look upon animals and lament humans, hunting snakes, throwing darts at targets.

Next, *Mother Sycamore*, was a faddist. She was a dramatist because, eight years before, a typewriter had been delivered to the house by mistake. *Paul*, the father, manufactured illegal fireworks in the basement with the help of *Mr. de Pinna*, who came to deliver ice one morning and just stayed on—for eight years. Daughter *Essie* strove to be a ballet-dancer, made divinity fudge for a living, was married to *Ed*, an unemployed dreamer who didn't know whether he wanted to be a xylophone player or a printer, but had both xylophone and press at hand in case he ever made up his mind.

The ballet-master was *Boris Kolenkhov*, White Russian, fierce, moody and privately of the opinion that his lone pupil, *Essie*, was never, alas, to become a dancer. He taught her, none the less, to the crazed tinkle of *Ed's* xylophone.

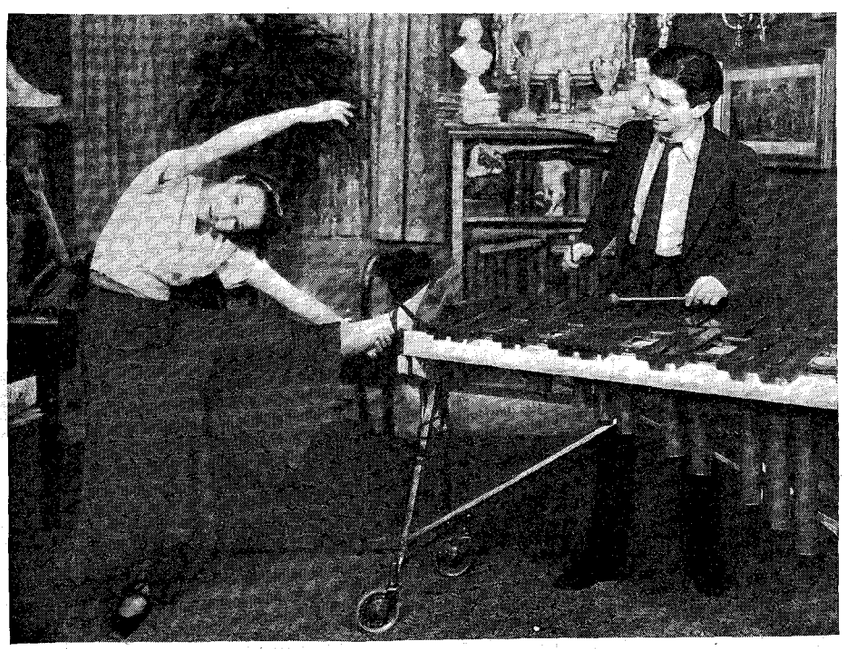
The colored help consisted of *Rheba*, who liked the *Sycamores*, and *Donald*, who buttled for them but couldn't accept pay because he would be put off relief for having a gainful occupation. His lone fret in this spinning cage of buoyant goofs was that the rhythm of his week always was destroyed because he had to spend half an hour going to the relief office for his money.

Romance—One soul in this squirrel-house was sane: *Alice*, who worked in an office. The boss's son wanted to marry her; she feared what his family would think of her family. The audience finds out when the *Adamsian* romance climaxes in a meeting between the austere, correct *Kirbys* and the moonstruck *Sycamores*. The authors are wise enough to find a happy ending.

An agile, deft cast, directed to a sharp, keen point of rightness by half-author Kaufman, performs the energetic lunacies with blithe perfection. No single one can be picked up for individual honors. Especially selected by most critics for mention was George Tobias, skilled characterizer of the *Kolenkhov* rôle. Never one to reap attentions from critics, altho always efficient in theater, Tobias went around next day waggling his specially-grown black beard, grinning happily. He confided to friends he couldn't stop grinning.

The first smashing comedy success of the season, "You Can't Take It With You" was placed on all critical "must" lists.

Richard Lockridge, New York *Sun:* "There is not a fleck of satire in 'You Can't Take It With You,' but only Gargantuan absurdity, hilariously preposterous antics and the rumble of friendly laughter with madly comic people."



Paula Trueman and George Heller, prominent in "You Can't Take It With You"

STRIKE-BREAKERS: New Theme Utilized in "Days to Come" by Lillian Hellman

Two years ago, author of a daring but inspired problem play, Lillian Hellman vaulted to fame, tumbled into Hollywood riches, made a fortune for her producer, Herman Shumlin. "The Children's Hour" was a solid hit on Broadway for eighteen months, became the enormously successful film, "These Three." Veteran critics sat back after firing ecstatic prose salutes, waited patiently for Miss Hellman's second play.

Last week, just twenty-four hours after "You Can't Take It With You" smashed into success, her new one, "Days to Come," was presented to an attentive, anticipatory audience. Next day critical reports were cool, in a few instances blunt. It was recorded as a disappointment.

Miss Hellman's theme is the cruelty and stupidity of strike-breaking. Choosing a locale in the Middle West, she proposes a small one-factory town in which owners are known by their first names to the workmen, workmen are friends of the owners. This time the factory makes brushes, a falling market has made it necessary for *Andrew Rodman* to cut piece-work pay.

Crisis—The workmen, bewildered, with the ancient fellowship between capital and labor shattered, elect to strike. The company lawyer persuades *Rodman* to import help to keep the machines running. Actually, the lawyer employs a notorious strike-breaker and his gang of thugs.

To that point, "Days to Come" has the foundation for a good native play. Miss Hellman, apparently unable to decide whether to throw her sympathies toward *Rodman* or his workmen, belabors, instead, the thug theme, uses the *Rodman* family misfortunes as a spring-board for some mild interfamily eroticism.

The noble aim of the capital-labor plan projected in the play is lost sight of in contemplation of young *Mrs. Rodman*, who, bored to extinction by the small, dull town and a loveless marriage, becomes wilfully unfaithful with a variety of men. Even this character is not fully realized and is, to the end, diffused, vague.

The rôle of *Mrs. Rodman* was presented to Florence Eldridge, off the stage for six years, back from Hollywood to try once again. It was difficult to determine whether

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Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Valiant Is the Word for Carrie"; "Dodsworth"; "Libeled Lady"; "Winterset"; "That Girl From Paris"; "Lloyds of London."

AAA—"The Garden of Allah"; "A Woman Rebels."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

long absence or a confused rôle contributed to a monotone performance.

No critic liked the play, there was variety only in the temper of dissatisfaction:

Brooks Atkinson, New York *Times:* "It is one of the most elusive dramas the season has set on the stage."

Gilbert W. Gabriel, New York *American:* "'Days to Come' is a down-in-the-mouth and rather dullish fabrication."

LILY PONS IN FILM: Opera Singer Scores Amid Farce Scenes of "That Girl From Paris"

When melody-hungry film-makers, intent on peopling their chanting-pictures with Grade A throats, began raiding grand opera dressing-rooms with mellifluous contracts in hand, they picked up about $500,000 worth of golden voice.

Among the last to scratch a wavery signature across one of the gaudy instruments was Lily Pons, mouse-sized sensation of the Metropolitan Opera.

She yielded, finally, when RKO showed her the capering scenario of "I Dream Too Much." Her Hollywood début picture was a success; her second, soon to be released as "That Girl From Paris," scarcely a Puccini title, is certain to score higher.

The new Pons film is a confection cooked up by a regiment of scenarists, each of whom poured his own brand of liveliness into the giddy story. Ordinarily, wholesale writer-participation ruins a picture yarn. This time, thanks probably to Pandro Berman, tubby RKO producer of hits, the result jells, makes sense, is delicious.

Acclaim—Hollywood preview critics wired to New York after the opening out there: "MOST SUCCESSFUL BLENDING OF FINE SINGING AND COMEDY YET DEVISED FOR SCREEN."

Slickest of the tricks performed in "That Girl From Paris" is a daring innovation proving that California celluloid-strip factories are losing their awe of grand opera. The feat here is that of putting riotous farce sequences in the picture in the midst of grand opera singing. It is much as if Caruso had slipped on a banana-peel while soaring into the heights of "O Paradiso!"

Despite successful comedy toil by the myriad scenarists, the story itself is willow-slim. A French opera star runs away from a distasteful marriage, stows away on a liner bound for New York. An American swing-time orchestra leader finds her, champions her. This leads to a crisis with immigration officials and to a chase winding up, inevitably, in a road-house. That being the next step to jail, that is where the principals wind up, with final checking in at the Metropolitan. A child of six could have written the plot, but it would not have been nearly as hilarious a comedy.

Arthur Schwartz, for plain sidewalk music, contributes five numbers, three of which will be whistling hits. Otherwise, Rossini and Panefka furnish the music.

Climax—Certain to strike audiences is the climax on the stage of the Metropolitan, with Miss Pons singing away for dear life and the glory of "That Girl From Paris."

Excellent roughneck comedy support comes from Jack Oakie, with Gene Raymond and Herman Bing as secondary clowns and romantics.

Music-wise audiences will applaud one man who is not prominent in the picture, André Kostelanetz, for his conducting of the presentation of Panefka's "Tarantella."

Hollywood Reporter: "The riotous fun is continuous from beginning to end, a smart piece of entertainment unlimited in appeal."

HELPFUL CROONER: Bing Crosby Carries Off Acting Rôle in "Pennies From Heaven"

Bing Crosby, whose thin, crooning voice has saved many a musical picture from the possible oblivion of being cut up into celluloid mandolin picks, performs another valiant service for "Pennies From Heaven," Columbia Pictures' item designed to prove that Crosby can act as well as sing.

A *Little Orphan Annie* plot, to which Crosby and voice are hitched by thin strings of sentiment, the new picture gives the crooner opportunity to do everything but fight the Battle of Shiloh. The result is eight reels of action, melody and satisfaction. For eighteen months, Crosby has tried to find a suitable film story. This one, by Katherine Leslie Moore and William Rankin, apparently is it.

Crosby had to stray from Paramount, his home studio, to get back into a winning stride. Also, he had to jettison the familiar story which was beginning to bog him down. "Pennies From Heaven" is a wrench from routine, but palatable.

Story—In this one, Crosby is a wandering modern minstrel, singing mellifluous croons of comfort to the down-trodden, a beggar musician wheedling sweet melody out of a thirteenth-century lute. In one episode, the only one a little difficult to take whole, his singing is shown to be so inspiring that a condemned man goes to the gallows without flinching. Thereafter, the occasions on which he tenors hope into the miserables are more credible.

"Pennies From Heaven" gets in its best work after Crosby meets Edith Fellows, a pert waif living with a derelict grandfather in a hovel on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. The three fall into possession of a haunted house.

Conflict, a note few welfare agencies will welcome, is contributed by a blunt, insulting welfare worker whose duty it is to track down the waif and clap her into an orphan asylum. Crosby tries song, insults and shrewdness. Eventually, he is tricked and the child is taken from him. Later, he schemes to rescue her.

Crosby and the grandfather scrape together some money and open the old house to the public as the Haunted House Tavern. Singing and lute playing being insufficient to keep bills paid, Crosby makes extra money by substituting for *Death Defying Devlin* in a wandering carnival.

Happy Ending — Hollywood's customary happy ending is provided with reasonable smoothness and not too much disturbance of credibility.

Crosby's best performance in many months is seen in the picture, and tremulous Donald Meek is excellent as the chess-playing, doddery old grandfather. Addicts to morning whistling and humming in the shower will not be able to resist "One, Two, Button Your Shoe," the most distinguished of the four major songs in the film.

New York and West Coast critics found the picture a pleasant, melodious minor triumph, so recorded it.

The Hollywood Reporter: "This . . . picture will have a large mass appeal. Many will rank it as Crosby's best."

"Pennies From Heaven": Edith Fellows, Donald Meek and Bing Crosby discover a haunted house

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SKETCHING IS AN ENTERTAINING HOBBY

Arthur Guptill's Book Offers Practical Instruction to Beginners

Any one can draw.

That is the claim of Arthur Leighton Guptill, who adds that the only prerequisites are normal intelligence and the grim determination that goes with perseverance.

Guptill has set down his reassurances to would-be artists, plus some plain, readily understandable directions in a book published last week, "Sketching as a Hobby" (Harper: $2.50). The author promises that even the most hopeless cases can eventually learn to sketch presentably, if they follow the instructions and practise faithfully.

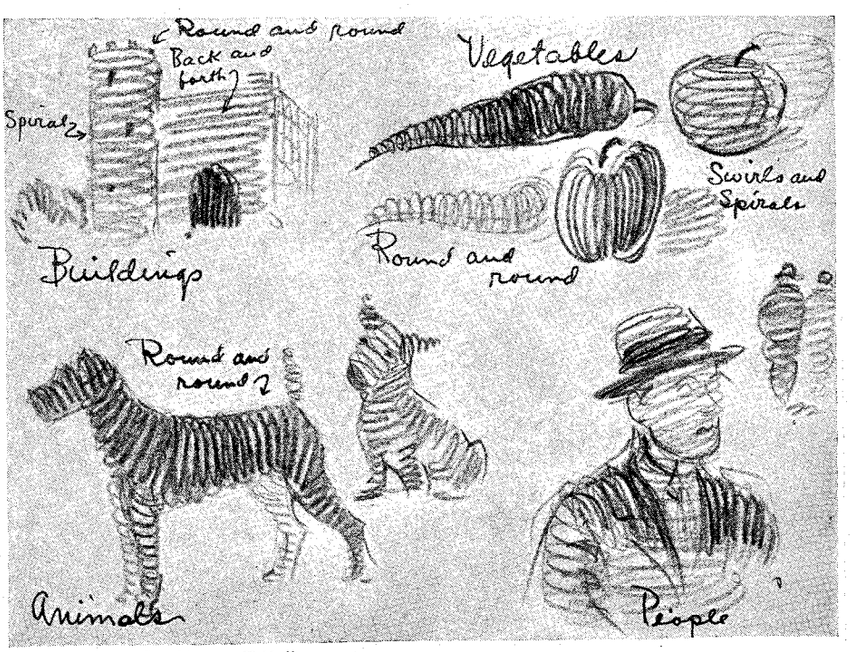
But he stresses that his book is designed only for those who want a hobby. He gives no guaranty that the diligent reader is likely to blossom overnight into a Rembrandt, a Whistler, or even another Disney. Guptill's advice is offered only to those who want an inexpensive diversion. For those who progress under their own steam and want to consider drawing seriously, he recommends a teacher. When Guptill isn't writing books, acting as an art adviser to a publishing house or dabbling in architecture, he teaches art in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Charcoal offers endless possibilities

Sketching happens to lend itself to instruction *via* the printed word so much better than other sports—indoor or outdoor—that professionals in each field have attempted to simplify in book form. There is, for example, no record of any one who has taught himself to swim by reading a book on the subject, altho there have been innumerable tomes printed that purported to transform the novice into a graceful aquatic expert. And the same thing applies to tennis, dancing, golf or horseback riding.

Natural Expression—Guptill's instructions are based on the premise that drawing is a natural means of expression that almost every one has attempted in childhood. But outgrowing the phase of childish scrawls, the individual becomes more critical of his renditions. He demands that his attempts at picturization have the accuracy of a photograph. And when he discovers they fall short of that, he becomes self-conscious and stops drawing.

The artist-author has a pish-tush attitude toward such perfectionists. Drawing, he insists, is fun, and unless one is making a serious vocation of it, he should not worry about such details as accuracy. He sets forth the A B C's for self-instruction in such a convincing manner that before the reader has finished half a dozen pages he is reaching for a pencil, to try out the rules.



Illustrations from "Sketching as a Hobby"

Miscellaneous applications of scrawls and scratches

Short-cuts to avoid obvious mistakes start out with the suggestion that a prospective sketch hobbyist interest some friends, and form a class. Aside from sustaining enthusiasm, quite a bit can be learned by comparing the results of each week's improvements, the author explains.

Tracing—After the class is formed, the first exercise—and Guptill stresses its importance—is tracing on glass. He suggests getting a large sheet—about 12 by 18 inches—binding the edges with adhesive, and using it as a drawing surface. On it, the beginner should attempt to draw simple familiar objects such as fruits, books, bottles.

"If you can learn to draw such things, you can draw anything." The author adds encouragingly: "The principle is the same because all shapes, whether large or small, have the same basic similarities."

The first exercise is to place a simple object a few feet back of the glass, against a plain background, where it will show up to its best advantage. With a wax crayon, the beginner attempts to trace the subject, much in the manner of a tracing slate used by children. These exercises illustrate the fundamentals of drawing more clearly to the beginner, pointing out as they do the many ways an object can change its size and shape, depending on the angle from which it is seen.

Guptill takes his readers, from this simple beginning, through the various methods of putting pencil to paper. By easy stages they arrive at the point where they should be able to dash off some sort of a sketch with more involved methods. He gives instructions on how to hold a pencil or crayon, which type is best for different results. With a generous number of drawings, he shows the results that can be obtained by following his understandable exercises.

Opinions—In twenty-five years of drawing and painting, Guptill has never publicly shown any of his efforts, nor has he ever sold a picture—an unusual record for an artist. He says it is because he has been too busy to arrange the details.

Guptill has some decided opinions about the way art is enthroned by the layman. He dislikes the shrouds of intellectualism which prevent the so-called uninitiated from enjoying paintings. This same thing he believes responsible for keeping people from drawing. In his book, sandwiched between advice and directions, he knocks down several artistic mirages.

He also believes that madcap drawings, such as James Thurber's, which adorn many national magazines, are splendid for encouraging the untutored to draw.

"There should be more of that type. Of course there are times when I don't quite understand them, but then Thurber knew what he was doing and probably had fun doing it. That's what's important."

BEST-SELLERS: "Gone With the Wind" Passes Million Mark in Six Months

"Life's Darkest Moment": A perspiring youngster, overburdened with "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone With the Wind," listening to mother as she says, "Now be sure to tell the librarian that I want two more books just like those."

Syndicated throughout the country was this Webster cartoon poking fun at the

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Many Cancers are Curable

Medical experts state that many cancers can be cured if discovered and treated in time—but time is the all-important element.

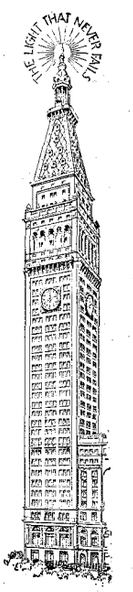
Cancer in its early stages can often be destroyed by radium and X-rays, or removed by surgery. An increasing number of cases are being discovered early and the technique in successfully removing or destroying these cancers is steadily advancing. Full recoveries have been made in thousands of reported cases in which patients were on the alert and sought early, competent treatment.

Physicians warn against neglected conditions which are known to precede the onset of cancer—lumps, unusual discharges, wounds that will not heal, moles and warts that change in size and color, or other abnormal conditions. Continued irritation of any part of the body is often the beginning of trouble.

If your family doctor finds a suspicious condition he presumably will not pass judgment as to whether or not it is cancer until he can get complete scientific confirmation.

Many people who fear they have cancer are worrying without cause. A complete physical check up which shows there is nothing wrong is a very comforting assurance. Thorough and competent periodic physical examinations may help doctors to discover cases of cancer while there is still time for successful treatment. Should suspicious symptoms appear at any time, see your doctor at once.

The Metropolitan will gladly send you its free leaflet on cancer, "A Message of Hope." Address Booklet Department 137-L.



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bulk of America's foremost best-sellers, widely celebrated for their size and omnipresence. On December 15, Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind" outstripped its three-year-old competitor by scaling the million mark in this country alone, six months after publication.

Send-Off—Little in the preliminary grooming of "Gone With the Wind" gave hint of such a sky-rocket rise. True, publishers Macmillan Company printed a first edition of 10,000 copies rather than the usual 2,500 for an unknown author. Copies were autographed and sent freely to reviewers, book dealers and prominent folk. Advance orders were large. Another hint of success came when Book-of-the-Month Club decided on the not-too-dark horse for its July choice. Booksellers checked over their stock and waited for the rush.

With June 30 came publication and extensive, favorable reviews. Customers entered book shops to buy the latest thing, saw "Gone With the Wind" and passed over it with: "That's too heavy a book for this hot weather. Haven't you something lighter?"

Build-Up—But a few were brave and word began to spread excitedly. "Have you read 'Gone With the Wind?' It's wonderful! I just can't put it down."

The erstwhile rejectors rushed to the nearest shop, grabbed a copy and retired to easy chairs; only to return a day or two later to order more. In three weeks, the story of the unscrupulous *Scarlett O'Hara* was a national sensation. "Gone With the Wind" anecdotes sprang up everywhere. At one July sailing after seven transatlantic liners had left their piers, booksellers totaled sales to find they had sent 1,000 copies to those boats. One of the passengers found, with mixed feelings, that she had received nine copies of "Gone With the Wind" among her *bon voyage* gifts. Leo Kieran, circling the globe for the New York *Times*, took the book along.

Down south, in Augusta, Georgia, a high-school principal's wife lost $300 on Cash Night at the local movies because she was too engrossed with "Gone With the Wind" to stir from the house. In New York, columnist Alice Hughes created a furor by mentioning "*Scarlett O'Hara* green," while distraught wholesale dealers assured irate customers that they had never heard of the color. A broker on trial for murder hid his head from public view behind a copy of America's new find.

Questions—Then the Macmillan Company began to have its troubles. From every State in the Union, letters began to pour in, asking about the surprize success: Is *Tara* still standing? Why was the book written? Why wasn't it laid in Virginia rather than Atlanta? How many of the characters were real people? Finally—and most insistently—Did heroine *Scarlett* get *Rhett Butler* back?

To this last question came a complaint from the elusive, rarely vocal author: "How am I to know? I really have no idea. I didn't realize the book had a 'Lady or the Tiger' ending."

But this was no answer for the curious public. Conflicting stories on how the book was written sprang up, and finally the truth appeared: The hundred-pound ex-newspaper woman Atlanta housewife, confined to her home for several years through illness, had written the novel to amuse herself. She had no intention of publishing it, and did so only after tactful insistence by

Kenneth Rogers

Margaret Mitchell bettered best-sellers

H. S. Latham, Macmillan Vice-President and talent scout. The first chapter was written long after the rest of the book. The checking of the historical data was done over a period of eight months, following Macmillan's acceptance.

Profits—The contract under which the book was published was unusually good for a first novel. As a result, Margaret Mitchell has now banked sufficient funds for a long life. From the movie rights alone $50,000 was forthcoming from David Selznick, who purchased them early after the book appeared, and has since turned down offers of $100,000 and $200,000 from less alert competitors.

Funds are rolling into the Mitchell bank-account in Atlanta from other sources as well. England has adopted the novel for its own since publication there in September. In Canada the book has done well. Other countries are eager to fall in line.

Best-Sellers of Over a Million

1875. "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain—1,500,000.
1877. "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewell—1,000,000.
1880. "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace—1,950,000.
1881. "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," by Margaret Sidney—1,090,000.
1884. "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain—1,000,000.
1894. "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson—1,000,000.
"Trilby," by George du Maurier—1,000,000.
1899. "In His Steps," by Charles Monroe Sheldon—8,000,000.
1900. "David Harum," by Edward Noyes Westcott—1,200,000.
1902. "The Virginian," by Owen Wister—1,454,000.
1903. "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox—1,000,100.
1904. "Story of the Bible," by Jesse Lyman Hurlbut—1,321,000.
"Freckles," by Gene Stratton Porter—2,000,000.
1909. "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by John Fox—1,255,000.
"Girl of the Limberlost," Gene Stratton Porter—1,600,000.
1911. "The Harvester," by Gene Stratton Porter—1,000,000.
"The Winning of Barbara Worth," by Harold Bell Wright—1,500,000.
1913. "Laddie," by Gene Stratton Porter—1,500,000.
"Pollyanna," by Eleanor Steward—1,000,000.
1917. "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London—1,472,000.
1926. "The Outline of History," by H. G. Wells—1,200,000.
1936. "Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell—1,000,000.

Among the most insistent on publication is Germany, with France not far behind.

As "Gone With the Wind" embarks on a career in translation it will meet everywhere its rival on home shores—"Anthony Adverse." Since publication in 1933, *Anthony* has reached readers in ten European countries, including the Scandinavian. First foreign publication was in Holland, with the four Scandinavian countries hard aheel. The Norwegian edition was broken down into twelve small paper-bound volumes to prevent reader discouragement. Other editions were bulky one-volume hulks that made the American edition look tiny. Still scheduled for début are the French and Italian versions appearing next year.

"Anthony Adverse"—In the United States "Anthony Adverse" still does well in spite of its advanced age—as best-sellers go. This longevity the publishers attribute to the timely appearance of the movie version. As *Anthony* appeared in the movies, a cheaper edition reached the drug stores. Instead of the $2 regular there was a special $1.39 edition limited to 97,000 copies. Warner Brothers, regular publishers Farrar & Rinehart, and special reprinters Grosset & Dunlap worked closely to present to the book-buying public one of the best-knit advertising campaigns in book history. As a result, the special $1.39 edition, handled by Grosset & Dunlap, was sold in short time; the price was returned to $2 and sales continued briskly.

However, book collectors ignored the $2 books and concentrated their attention on copies of the first edition at $3. Current quotations on "Anthony Adverse" range from $12 to $30. Competitor "Gone With the Wind" varies from $10 to $25. Higher quotations ranging up to $50 are offered on the limited edition of "Anthony," which appeared handsomely bound in suède just before the trade edition. Of these, only ninety-nine copies were made.

It was June 26, 1933, when "Anthony Adverse" made its initial splash. Soon people were making jokes about it. One man wanted to join the Byrd Expedition so he might have time to read the book. Another threatened to sue the publishers because, he alleged, he had broken his foot when "Anthony Adverse" landed atop it. Yet another reader refused to pay a $47 fee his circulating library asserted he owed on the book.

Price Wars—This picaresque story had, like "Gone With the Wind," a day of price-cutting. Frantic book-shop owners kept imploring the publishers to stop the department store war. Meanwhile, lucky customers were getting their fill of the novel at $.89 when the struggle was called off. The publishers were left to explain the unpleasant situation to suspicious booksellers.

Actually, publishers have no control over the price wars which booksellers so bitterly resent. The books are sold by the publisher to a jobber, who disposes of them as he will. He may take the loss or he may let his purchaser sustain it.

Usually a price-cut battle starts on a dull day when shoppers from rival department stores visit the opposition and try to put their own house policy into effect. If one store has a policy of selling for six per cent. less, the touch-off comes when a rival shopper—whose house guarantees not to be undersold—sees a price tag for six per cent. less. A phone call, and the battle is on. All the while, customers gleefully buy their fill. Publishers groan helplessly as

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booksellers grow angry. Next morning a good headache is enjoyed by all.

Others—Less subject to price-cuts, gags and sales of several hundred thousands are the other best-sellers of 1936. Youngest on the list of long-range non-fiction is "Wake Up and Live," formula for rejuvenating the will-power. Dorothea Brande's message started slowly when it was published in February; the public, particularly on the Pacific Coast, wasn't sure it wanted to be saved from itself. Then letters came to publishers Simon & Schuster. "The book is wonderful," they said. "It's changed my life."

Publishers "Essandess" cocked their ears. They revamped their publicity line. They quoted the letters: "On page 88 you will find five words that—" The word was carried the length and breadth of American bookdom. Soon "Wake Up and Live" was going at the rate of 10,000 copies a week.

For a while the Abbé children's "Around the World in Eleven Years" topped it, but "Wake Up and Live" has placidly asserted its supremacy and continues to ride as one of the year's most widely sold books. The title, one of the most important parts of the book, has been sold to Twentieth Century Fox to give tone to a forthcoming picture with Ben Bernie—according to Walter Winchell.

Reprint Boost—No small part of "Wake Up and Live's" success came from the boost given it when *Readers' Digest* reprinted a few of the book's exercises. Several hundred readers mailed orders for copies to the publishers immediately. Others demanded copies from understocked booksellers. Still, the recounting of this happy rush did nothing to soften the firm "no" of Harper & Brothers when *Readers' Digest* asked permission to reprint part of Dr. Alexis Carrel's "Man the Unknown."

Harpers consented to reprint privilege only after *Readers' Digest* offered to double sales in two weeks, or pay the difference. The publishers signed, and in two weeks the sales had trebled. Too, orders came in from remote regions such as South Africa and New Zealand.

For two years now, "Man the Unknown" has ranked as a best-seller—rare good fortune for a book of science. So, as 1936 draws to a close, the book trade ends one of its most prosperous seasons in recent time. The days when a book could sell 8,000,000 copies, as did Charles Monroe Sheldon's "In His Steps," are not here. But the present is meat enough for any publisher.

Thumbing the Books

Chicago—"Rich Man Poor Man." By Janet Ayer Fairbank. (Houghton Mifflin; $2.50.) A leisurely novel recreating a period and a prosperous banker. The time covered is that between the Bull Moose campaign and the crash of 1929. Lacks humor, and tries too obviously for fidelity of detail.

Water-Front—"The Battery.'" By Rodman Gilder. (Houghton Mifflin; $4.50.) A racy anecdotal account of New York's famous waterside where Henry Hudson landed in 1609, where civilized settlers thirty-four years later killed five Indians by torture, where a New York Governor publicly promenaded in women's clothes.

Expedition—"The Flight of 'Big Horse.'" By Sven Hedin. (Dutton; $3.75.) Doctor Hedin was hired by the Nanking Government of China to make motor-roads across the Gobi Desert to China's remote Sinkiang Province. The expedition found itself in the midst of a medieval world at war. An excellent account of ruined towns, undisciplined and starving troops in China to-day.

Madman—"Intimate Journals of Paul Gauguin." Translated by Van Wyck Brooks. (Crown Publishers; $2.75.) The record of the business man who suddenly decided he had had enough of his family and walked out to become one of the most famous of modern artists. He was a friend of Vincent Van Gogh before his retreat to the South Seas. His story throws interesting lights on Van Gogh as well as himself. Gauguin desiring to be a pig, boasting of his painting, billiard-playing and love affairs.

Colonist—"Return to Malaya." By Bruce Lockhart. (Putnam; $3.) The author of "British Agent" has turned out a readable narrative of a traveler revisiting the scenes of his youth. He embarks on, among other things, a trip to discover people who knew Joseph Conrad. This proves somewhat useless because no one remembers a third mate named Korzeniowski—Conrad's real name. The rest of the book is as trivial and devoid of significance.

The Bard Again—"Shakespeare's Sonnets." Edited by Tucker Brooke. (Oxford University Press; $5.) One of the keenest of Shakespearian scholars presents a rearrangement of the sonnets based on recently uncovered facts. Will be welcomed by all students.

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JOHN HARVARD BOWS TO THE LADIES

New Rules Officially Permit Unchaperoned Dates in Dormitories

To many a college youth in the West, South, Midwest, the names Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth conjure up a forbidding picture of puritanical restriction and scholastic asceticism. Surprized and envious they might be to learn that the so-called ivy-league colleges permit a luxury of liberalism virtually unknown west of the Alleghanies: they allow students to entertain young women visitors privately in their rooms.

At Dartmouth students may receive their "dates" unchaperoned, let them stay until 7 P. M. without asking permission, until 11 P. M. with permission of undergraduate dormitory chairmen.

To entertain girl visitors until 6 P. M., Yale undergraduates have only to obtain written permission from their Deans or Campus Police.

Official rules at Princeton call for chaperons when undergraduates bring in current flames, but long evasion has made almost a dead letter of this regulation.

Two Women—But until a fortnight ago at Harvard, when *Johnny Sophomore* wished to entertain *Jane Freshman* from neighboring Radcliffe College, he had to invite a second girl, make the party a foursome for sociability's sake.

In effect since last spring, this "two-woman" rule riled many a Harvard student: not only was it difficult to date one attractive girl, but they found it trebly tough to get two attractive girls and a male companion to boot.

Stirred by a record *Harvard Crimson* straw vote of twenty-five to one against it and by complaints from House Masters, University officials finally threw the unpopular rule into discard, granted students the right to entertain unchaperoned between 1 P. M. and 7 P. M. attended only by a third person of unspecified sex. Effective January 4, the new regulation ends a 300-year-old fight for what many regard as only a common sense solution to problems of hospitality.

No Women—Until twenty years ago, only white-haired "biddies" (chambermaids) were ever seen within the private precincts of the Yard, Harvard's original high-walled campus. After the World War, undergraduates were permitted to bring in young women, found the entertainment was so hedged with restrictions and red tape that few students availed themselves regularly of the privilege.

Only in 1931, when upper classmen were first quartered in the seven great Harkness Georgian Houses, did college authorities relent, leave enforcement of parietal regulations to the seven professorial House Masters. They allowed sophomores, juniors and seniors to entertain unchaperoned girls, provided permission was obtained twenty-four hours ahead, and the lady's name adorned the House register.

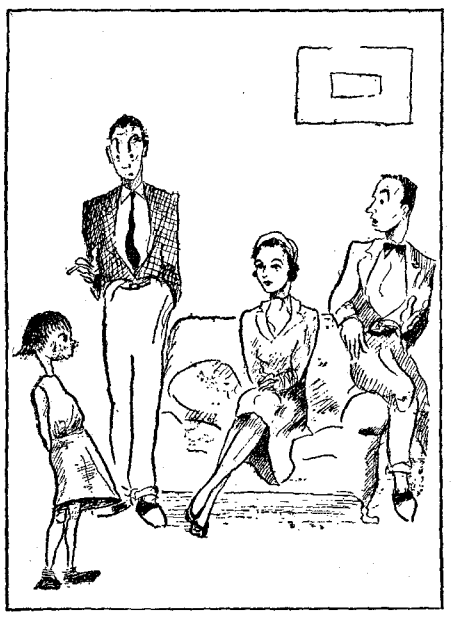
An unwritten restriction left to each House Master provided for three-person parties. Six of the seven Masters allowed students almost complete freedom from this condition.

On festive afternoons, *Johnny Sophomore* of Harvard meets *Jane Freshman* of Radcliffe in Harvard Square, usually buys a bottle for his hospitality.*

Then, with *Jane* on his arm, *Johnny* ascends to this three- or four-room thick-walled suite. His friend curls up on the sofa, may look out over the winding Charles River beneath while he lights a cheery blaze in his fireplace, cracks ice, sets out glasses and canapés.

Should *Johnny Sophomore* wish to break regulations, be alone with *Jane Freshman*, his friends may slip through the fire-door opening off his bathroom to the privacy of another suite, within easy call if college officials should knock at the securely locked front door.

But every Harvard man knows that, likely as not, the House janitor will rap



"OF COURSE, IT'S SILLY, BUT YOU KNOW THE HOUSE RULES"

—Courtesy of Harvard Lampoon

tactfully at 7 P. M., remind students to escort their *femmes* out.

Scandal—Last spring, college authorities in University Hall fingered reports of a long series of scandalous incidents, called the seven House Masters together.

Two Cambridge town girls had been discovered in a student's room so giddy from his refreshment that they had to be carried out bodily. Brawling among inebriates in student cocktail parties at which women guests were present made frequent headlines in Boston tabloids. Deans of neighboring girls' colleges made repeated complaints. Mothers of some Boston débutantes forbade their daughters to enter a Harvard House.

Determined to end such occurrences, the House Masters promptly posted a new set of rules which specified that two out of the three persons in every private party must be women.

Undergraduates howled, spurred the *Crimson*, outspoken student newspaper, to return last month the all-time record straw-ballot for reinstatement of older regulations.

Official Sanction—In the face of this, officials gave in, made the sex of the now compulsory third party optional.

Girls in near-by Wellesley expressed satisfaction. Asked one: "Why not? It always took two Harvard men to equal one Wellesley girl, according to our mathematics." At Radcliffe, within easy walking distance of Harvard, undergraduates were not perturbed, said wistfully: "We can only comply."

Girls from Radcliffe and Wellesley, hunting-grounds for lonely Harvard men, must be delivered safely to their dormitory doorsteps at early, set* hours. Penalties for disobedience range from so-called "social probation" at Radcliffe, which forbids a girl to make any evening engagements for the period of her punishment, to immediate expulsion for serious offenses.

Elsewhere—Up in Bennington, Vermont, intellectually exclusive girls' Bennington College, founded only five years ago, was unimpressed. Reason was that there undergraduates may entertain young men in their rooms unchaperoned from noon until supper time, may sit and chat with them in the luxuriously furnished dormitory drawing-room until 7 A. M. if they so desire. Proud is Bennington that no breath of scandal has ever swept its ultramodern campus.

At coeducational University of Texas, on the other hand, girls are never allowed in the men's rooms. As in many other American colleges, Tulane University (New Orleans) undergraduates live in local boarding-houses outside the college jurisdiction, make their own rules.

At the University of Chicago, women are barred from students' rooms at any time, chaperoned or unchaperoned. Stanford University, in California, has no specific regulations, observes a carefully honored student code of ethics which bans entertainment of women in men's chambers. University of Wisconsin undergraduates may receive thoroughly chaperoned "dates" at "approved" lodging houses.

Last week, Harvard students held their final parties under the long-hated "two-woman" rule.

Packing their bags for the Christmas holidays, they felt that Noel Coward, English actor, best summed up their problem in this remark at the opening of his latest play in Boston.

"Why, I should think that one woman at a time should be sufficient for any Harvard student."

*Fashionable dates most often prefer gin cocktails, Scotch highballs; most Harvard men find that cautious female topers enjoy port or sherry.

*The hour varies, can be extended at Radcliffe if the lady is willing to pay a moderate fine.

SING SING: Prison School Shows Notable Progress in Education of Convicts

Up the river, the boys in the Big House are doing a stretch of study this week for midyear examinations, but nobody expects to flunk out. Such things aren't possible at Sing Sing Prison School, where passing or failing is merely a matter of pride, not graduation.

In the long red brick cell-block that caps a rocky Hudson River ridge at Ossining, some of New York's most notorious criminals are merged in the unbroken anonymity

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of the State's biggest and most famous prison. Among them: John Kemp, insurance swindler who trapped the famous humorist, Will Rogers; Joseph Steinmetz, killer of his wife and her lover in a New York hotel; Frank A. Donnelly, New York police sergeant, another wife-murderer.

Secret—But whether they are among the gray-clad figures who daily, from lock-up time at 4:30 P. M. to lights-out at 10, pore over English grammars, arithmetics, complicated laboratory instructions or the fine points of shorthand and foreign languages, nobody knows but the prisoners themselves —and Warden Lewis E. Lawes.

The warden, famous author and rights-of-convicts champion, won't tell, and the inmates can't.

Chances are, however, that some of these once cocky leaders are spending their daily hour and a half with less picturesque forgers, bigamists, robbers, embezzlers and murderers inside the new school building down near the river, that they're cramming for midyears just like everybody else.

School—From 8 A. M. to the supper-bell at 3:40, students pass to and from classes through unlocked doors of the school, whose unbarred windows shine in strange contrast to the forbidding gray walls of the "Old Prison," convict-built in 1824.

Only two guards and three civilian teachers, directed by Harry Masson, keep order among the 900 inmate students, who talk and laugh, go freely from room to room.

Seventy-five inmates carry the burden of instruction and clerical and library work in Sing Sing's school, which has risen in the last five years to rank with the nation's ten best prison educational institutions.

From badly lighted quarters on the top floor of the prison's hospital, the school moved last April to the present modern building. Not more than a quarter of existing prison schools can boast a real school building; many classes are still held in mess-halls.

Faculty—The husky, blond printing instructor shivers as he recalls how he might have met a similar fate. He got off with twenty-years-to-life for killing a man. In that time, he expects to give Sing Sing Printing School the best prison instruction in the country, and to obtain union rating for his "graduates." Four already have good jobs.

The ace instructor in automobile mechanics, who started the course five years ago in the prison's old barber shop, may do twenty years or life. Meanwhile he is boss of the auto school, and seven of his men already have jobs on the outside.

In his high-ceilinged, ground-floor shop, 104 convicts learn to be all-around mechanics. The warden entrusts his fleet of cars to them for repair. Working with the electrical school next door, they also service all storage batteries in the prison.

Raising a scarred eyebrow over quizzical brown eyes, the electrician-teacher boasts of the air-conditioning course that will open next month, then examines the work of a row of Negroes tinkering with radio sets.

Other inmates, variously qualified, teach in the grade school, the advanced classes and the course in mechanical drawing. A Certified Public Accountant instructs ambitious bookkeepers and clerks. A German, expert linguist, leads about forty men through the intricacies of French, Spanish and Italian. Spanish is the most popular because many have ideas about leaving for South America when they get out.

Progress depends entirely on the individual. He can follow the example recently set by a Scandinavian who, on entrance, could neither read nor write English, but romped through all six grades, the advanced courses in English and mathematics, in his eighteen months.

Bulletin-board publicity and teacher interviews with inmates drum up business for the cell-study "correspondence" courses. Assignments are completed "at home" during the long evenings with the help of books from the 22,500-volume school library. Selection of reading matter is made easy by the card catalog, a rarity in prisons and pride of James Dawson, librarian. Favorite fiction books are "Westerns"; favorite non-fiction, history and biography.

Newcomers are assigned to courses they seem to need most. School's aim is to make useful citizens of social misfits, train unskilled men to make an honest living.

Classes—Sing Sing classes are informal discussions around small tables in glassed-in rooms.

Christmas holidays? Not for the Sing Sing boys. A day off to enjoy the chicken dinner, a movie and maybe a few presents, is all the vacation they hope for.

Religion

CHRISTMAS: Celebrations All Over World Are Tinged With War and Strife

"Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The Carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

"It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"
—*From Longfellow's "Christmas Bells."*

This week, with revolution in Spain and threat of war overclouding its snow-etched fields and mountains elsewhere, economic distress gnawing at its towns and cities, the Old World groped through a Christmas almost reminiscent of World War days.

Six million men were under arms, a like number waiting the bugle call; rumbling army lorries drowned out carols from the Vosges to the Carpathians; *Santa Claus* donned a war helmet, packed a tommy-gun on one shoulder, a bag of tin soldiers and tanks on the other. Holiday dinners were cut to fast-like skimpiness owing to food shortages.

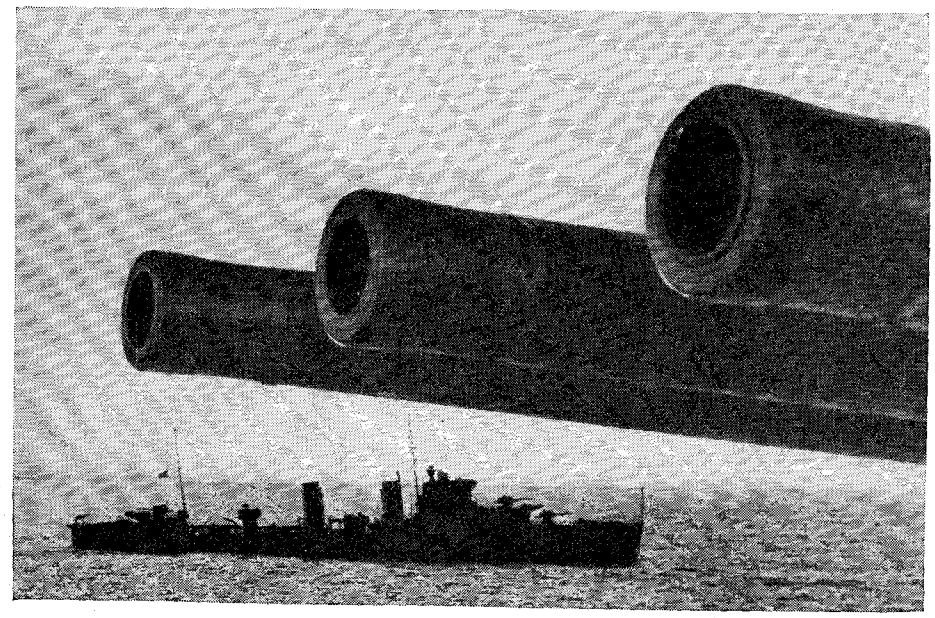
Madrid was beleaguered; London was confused and saddened by its throne difficulties; Rome grieved over the Pope's illness; Berlin tightened its belt; Paris felt the ping of Right-Left strife; Jerusalem was under semimartial law to keep Moslem and Jew at arm's length.

Britain—This year the King (George VI) did not broadcast an annual message to his people; high solemn services were not expected to be held in Westminster Abbey because of preparations for the Coronation. In all other houses of worship picturesque rites which long have dominated the English Yule took place. Carolers made their rounds, and as a prelude to their tercentenary next year 40,000 members of the Ancient Society of College Youths, Britain's premier bell-ringing organization, had a work-out from Land's End to John o' Groats.

Germany—The holiday season really opened on December 6, Saint Nicholas day, and the Nazi Government did not interfere with orthodox celebrations. However, they supplemented them with the Solstice festivals on December 21. Hitler Youths and Storm Troopers on that day built a chain of fires across the whole of Germany, gathered around them to recite poetry, sing folk-songs, revive ancient Teutonic customs.

Notwithstanding the rift between the Nazi State Church and the dissident Confessionals, Germans went to church on Christmas Day, sang some of the well-known *Wiegenlieder* of Martin Luther, feasted on their famed Yule geese despite a food shortage.

France—Frenchmen shouted *joyeux Noël* to friends, rubbed elbows with Left or Right political rivals at midnight Christmas eve services famous throughout the world. Afterward, they sat down to tables laden with delicacies from Périgord, Alsace, Normandy, which they washed down with



Wide World

Christmas, 1936: "Peace on earth, good-will to men"

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nothing less than champagne, mindful that the bugle's call to war and gas-filled streets were only around the corner.

Spain—The week saw the revolution in its fifth month. But neither the Loyal Left forces nor their children went without a special Christmas fare.* The International Red Aid collaborated with the Madrid Defense Junta in preparing 2,000,000 pesetas' worth of special Christmas hampers for the first-line troops. One factory was devoted exclusively to the manufacture of 100,000 wooden boxes into which Chrismas dainties were packed.

Troops stationed at spots where there were still turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens enjoyed the traditional Christmas day meal. Catalonia sent a convoy of thirty-eight lorries filled with foodstuffs, adding to three train-loads sent before Christmas. Two hundred thousand toys will be distributed on January 1 to the homeless children at Valencia, whither most of the Spanish war orphans have been transported.

Italy—Annually on December 23 or 24 the head of the Roman Catholic Church addresses a long message to his Cardinals or brings out an Encyclical. This year, weakened by a complication of ailments, Pope Pius XI was expected to be lucky to receive one delegate from the Sacred College in his sick-room. Pious silence was maintained in the Vatican on Christmas day.

At churches throughout the "Boot," Italians who last Christmas attended mass in uniform, dashed off to the Ethiopian War, knelt in thanks for their victory.

Rigorous control of prices in shops made foodstuffs less costly than they were last year. Christmas eve fasting was widely observed. Meat was abolished; menus consisted largely of spaghetti, fish, vegetables, fruit, sweets, wine. Toys were chiefly warlike tanks and air-planes, tin soldiers, submarines, with hardly any horses; not an Italian custom, Yule trees were few.

Russia—As every religious holiday is kept according to the old Orthodox calendar—which is thirteen days behind the modern calendar—Christmas falls on January 7 in atheistic Russia. Stripped of its religious character, it was an ordinary working-day, however, for millions. Last year, a relaxing Government revived the festive features of the season under the guise of the New Year. The Yule tree became the "New Year tree," gay with tinsel and colored lights, in homes from the Steppes to Siberia—symbol of a new winter holiday joy to children.

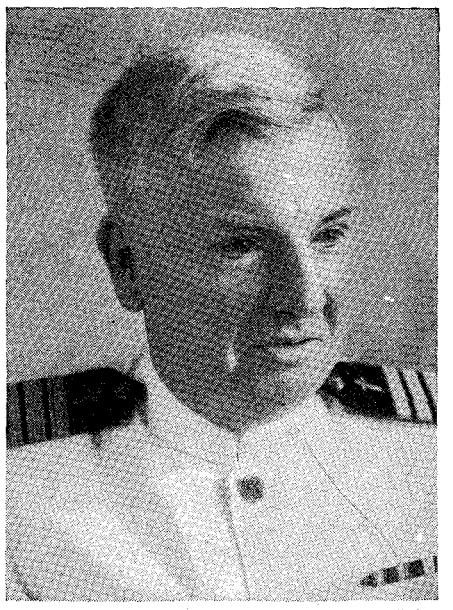
In Moscow shops this week, toys went like hot-cakes, despite their high cost. *Grandfather Frost,* as *Saint Nick* is called, regaled in whiskers and red overcoat, held the gaze of thousands in department store windows, institutions for the first time in years.

Palestine—For the first time in history, the Palestine broadcasting station was scheduled to broadcast Christmas services from the Grotto of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. English Carols were to be sung by the Anglican community, with commentaries describing the scene by American Consul-General George Wadsworth.

Birthplace of Christianity, Palestine was under semimartial law, saw thousands of British troops keep order among the milling throngs of Mohammedans and Jews, who are at loggerheads over England's efforts to colonize the Holy Land for homeless Israelites.

Jerusalem, the Holy, celebrates three Christmases. The Catholics and Protestants keep to the day which we know, December 25, on January 7 follows the Greek Orthodox, and on January 19 comes the festivity of the Armenians. And altho they differ in the calendar, they are almost analogous in ceremony.

* In 1870, Paris, beleaguered in the Franco-Prussian War, made a Christmas repast of soup from horse-meat, mince of cat, shoulder of dog with tomato sauce, jugged cat with mushrooms. Falling upon their menageries for food, Parisians bought elephant's trunk for $8 a pound, a whole camel for $800. Champagne and mustard alone were plentiful.



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Capt. Duff: chief of the Navy's "Holy Joes"

KHAKI OR BLACK? Move to Take Off Army and Navy Chaplains' Uniforms and Remove Rank

To provide for the spiritual needs of its fighting forces, the United States maintains a small, but highly-efficient, Corps of Chaplains, whose military character probably has no parallel in any other country.*

Commissioned, uniformed, paid by the Government like any other officers, they are more a part of the armed services than of the churches supplying them, in war have gallantly grasped command of regiments and ships in emergencies.

Keenly aware of this martial aspect, the numerous powerful sects long have stewed over the fact that, altho they are obligated to render religious ministry to Army and Navy men, the chaplaincy system is inconsistent with their immemorial Christian peaceful traditions and opposition to war.

Probe—After a succession of post-war resolutions in which responsibility for action was placed on its doorstep, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which passes upon most of the Protestant chaplain candidates, last month began an exhaustive inquiry into all the facts and issues.

A fortnight ago, it presented to its biennial session in Asbury Park, New Jersey, a long report filled with so much alarm

*British chaplains are under the direction of the governing body of their denomination and not the military command; France abolished chaplains when Church and State were separated; in Italy, they have no military title; in Sweden, Norway, Denmark they likewise have no military title, wear civilian garb; in the Balkans they wear no uniforms, have no rank, but are close to the military authorities.

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that it voted without delay the creation of a commission to plan a new relationship between the Protestant churches and the chaplaincy. To make its work all-embracing, the commission was authorized to confer with Roman Catholic and Jewish leaders and important figures in the Corps of Chaplains.

Last week, as the Council set about selecting its commissioners, the contemplated set-up of the new chaplaincy leaked out: henceforth, chaplains would be appointed formally and paid by the individual churches, would hold no Government commissions, wear no uniforms. Serving as ordinary pastors, their assignments would be made by the churches according to the needs of the Army and Navy staffs.

Ministrants—"Holy Joes" to fighting men on both land and sea, the Corps of Chaplains totals 1,437 active and reserve officers ranking from first lieutenant to colonel in the Army and from junior lieutenant to captain in the Navy. Heading the seventy-seven (fourteen Catholic) active and thirty-five reserve chaplains serving 100,000 bluejackets is Capt. Edward A. Duff, big, pink-faced Roman Catholic Irishman, fifty-one; chief of the 125 active (thirty Catholic) and 1,200 reserve chaplains for the 165,000 Army and 200,000 National Guard troops is shy, but eloquent, Col. Alva J. Brasted, sixty, a New York Baptist, who this week completes three of his four years of scheduled duty as Chief of Army Chaplains.

In France in 1918, he was one of the 2,364 commissioned A.E.F. chaplains in the War, of whom twenty-three died, twenty-seven were wounded in action and eighty-five were decorated. Most famous of these was the late Father Duffy, chaplain of New York's old Sixty-ninth Regiment.

Whether in war or peace, "Holy Joes" fulfil the difficult rôle of serving all the command, regardless of denominational affiliation.

Schism—Silently of late they have seen this always delicate balance increasingly menaced by the Protestant churches' gradual move toward outright repudiation of war; moreover, watched 13,000 of the country's 200,000 clergy declare their intention to be conscientious objectors in the next war. The immediate effect has been to make them feel a deepening sense of separateness and isolation from church and ministerial brethren; make many zealously cling to uniform and rank.

For more than twelve years this conflict has bobbed up at many a religious conference. First prominent mention of it was when the Federal Council in 1924 received a resolution urging study of a non-military chaplaincy. The following year investigators reported back that the chaplains' propaganda for distinctly military matters outside their duties far overshadowed the question of their official status.

Loudest to voice opposition has been the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has twenty-four Army chaplains, thirteen in the Navy. In 1934 its Newark Conference asked its bishop not to appoint any more of its members to the chaplaincy; the same year the New England Conference urged a chaplaincy supervised through the Federal Council. Last May, the Church's General Conference asked the Federal Council to put chaplains directly under the control of sects.

Action—Another strong objector is the Evangelical and Reformed Church, whose General Synod this year rejected a resolution calling for continued participation in the Federal Council's Chaplains' appointive committee. In October, at Kansas City, Missouri, the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ voted to send no more ministers to serve as chaplains in the Army or Navy, asked the Federal Council to dissolve its chaplaincy committee.

Spurred to action, the Federal Council put Dr. F. Ernest Johnson, Director of the Department of Research and Education, to work for a solution of the problem. First act of Doctor Johnson was to send out a questionnaire to the chaplains themselves.

In reply, the vast majority approved current government control, insisted uniforms were essential to efficiency, stated that without rank they would have little influence with the command or could gain little attention for the needs of the men, emphasized they were not interfered with in their devotional duties. Voicing disquietude over the peace movement within the various churches and its effect upon the official church attitude toward chaplains, more than half of them took a definite stand against present pacifist agitation.

Defending the current system, *The Army Chaplain* (Washington) said: "It is a profession by itself. Best results are obtained by best qualified workers, and this is why the chaplaincy as now constituted has proven to be the most practical, the most satisfactory, and the most effective agency for spiritual ministry to the military services."

Wings

SKY SKIS: Planes, Just Taxis to Alaskans, Take Off Over Snow for Teachers' Yuletide

Planes are to Alaskans as taxis to New Yorkers. Sourdoughs who took two months mushing trails over the frozen tundra a decade ago relax in comfortable twin-motored transport-planes to-day, covering the same heart-breaking *trek* in several hours.

Were it not for these all-weather sky-routes, Christmas wouldn't mean much to a score of schoolma'ams who are going "outside" this week for the holidays while others are flitting to the four corners of America's largest dominion for the season's cheer at home. Six commercial and eleven private air-lines are operating scheduled passenger flights covering every important city in the Territory.

Network—This air-mesh in which Alaska's once-elusive vastness is netted sprawls from Point Barrow, on the Arctic Ocean, southwest to Nome, on the Bering Sea, southeast to Ketchikan, on the Pacific Ocean, and out over the 1,200-mile Aleutian Islands chain, pointing simitar-like at Asia. Hub of this swiftly-turning wheel of transport is Fairbanks, base of Pacific Alaska Airways, part of the far-flung Pan American system girdling the Western Hemisphere and linking the Philippine Islands with the continental United States—altogether 40,567 miles of regularly-flown air-ways.

In addition to special charter services, PAA operates two round trips a week between Fairbanks and Juneau, Alaska's Capital, and one trip a week between Fairbanks and Nome, as well as a couple of shorter spur-lines. A sample time-table of flights reads:

Juneau to Fairbanks—475 miles, $100, 4½ hours.

Fairbanks to Nome—400 miles, $100, 4 hours.

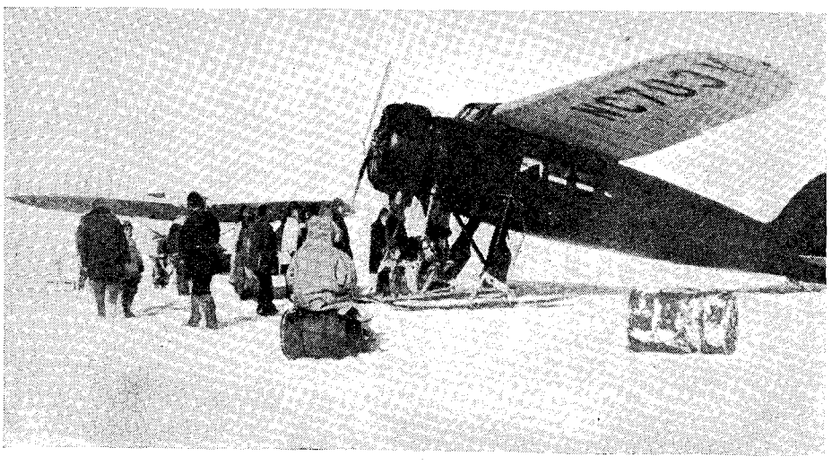
Whitehorse to Juneau—150 miles, $25, 1¾ hours.

Weeks to Hours—To go from Fairbanks, Alaska's largest interior city, 500 miles beyond the head of the Yukon, to Nome takes fifty-five days by dog-team. From Seattle to Fairbanks, by steamship and railroad, takes eight days, while an Army bomber, in an experimental flight, made the trip in nine hours and thirty-five minutes.

There is no air-line connecting the erstwhile "Seward's Ice-Box" with the United States, tho Canada is willing to cooperate in developing better communications with the North and has indicated that she would concede rights for a through route over Dominion territory.

Alaskan commercial aviation began fourteen years ago with an experimental air-mail contract route of 300 miles between Fairbanks and McGrath. Previously, mails by dog-team took seventeen days. The plane makes it in three hours.

Even by 1929, there were only eight planes in the Alaskan service. That year they carried 2,171 passengers, flew 33,000 plane-miles, 273,000 passenger-miles and carried 118,000 pounds of freight and express. Last year, there were seventy-five planes to carry 13,000 passengers, fly



Acme

Planes in Alaska: skis facilitate landing; fuel barrels are dropped by parachute

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1,600,000 plane-miles, 2,100,000 passenger-miles and carry more than 1,700,000 pounds of freight and express.

Year-Round Service — Alaska's Territorial Chamber of Commerce insists this demonstrates that aviation will develop the Territory scores of years faster than the railroad, steamship and dog-sled. The main strip of railway runs from Fairbanks to Anchorage, then to Seward, 425 miles as the crow flies. Another strip of 125 air-line miles runs from Kennicot to Cordova, only rail outlet for the copper-mining area. These railroads often are blocked through long winter months with snow.

Yet, at all seasons, planes maintain scheduled services. After three months of summer are over, wheel and floats are replaced by skis.

Planes alight on snow-fields with even greater ease than on the regularly-cleared landing-fields of summertime. There are few air-ports, so most summertime flying is done with pontoon-equipped planes.

Proof that aviation is as safe in Alaska as elsewhere is substantiated by the exceptionally few fatalities in the last decade. Tho landing-fields aren't fancy, they are cleared and usable, have plenty of fuel.

Hangars are amusingly small and it's an art to wheel a plane into one. The only available hangars in the heart of Alaska are at PAA's Fairbanks base.

Difficulties—Obviously, there are attendant difficulties to flying in a winter colder than an ice-box. Atmospheric conditions must be reckoned with in summer or winter, especially the frost covering planes whenever they are out of doors in bleak weather and which must be wiped off before flying. This icy coating disrupts air-flow and lessens the wings' lifting-power.

Engines must be warmed artificially before starting, and oil, removed immediately the plane alights, also must be warmed and poured in almost at the same time as the engine is started. To keep ice from crashing them down, once they are up, planes carry de-icing units, sometimes totaling 177 pounds. This equipment includes special propeller-spinners, an oil-slinger ring on each air-screw, rubber overshoes on the wings' entering edges, fins and stabilizers and a pull-cord to jerk ice off the radio antennæ. Some planes carry de-icing carburetors which suck in preheated air.

There are no teletype operators chronicling hourly weather-reports, nor beacon-lights and radio beams to guide wildcat fliers on chartered trips. PAA, however, has its own radio and meteorology system. Other meteorological reports are received from accommodating operators of the scattered radio stations.

Communications — Radio stations maintained by the Army's Signal Corps dot the Territory. These are the only means of public communication with the "outside." There is no air-mail service to link the Territory with the States; inside its boundaries there is but one air-mail route and PAA had to get that by matching bids against dog-team cartage.

The two or three mails that are mushed to outposts by dog-team during the long winters are voluminous and the quantities of mail pushed out of the post-offices to be flown resemble, in proportion, a haystack. Business men fly from one end of Alaska to another in a day, but if they want to send letters by air, they must be bootlegged.

Postage-stamps are about as useful as a pair of roller-skates on a frozen river. If quick decisions are wanted, writers must hunt an air-passenger to ask him to deliver a letter; pilots may take carbon copies, but not originals.

Sourdoughs have their own method of communication that is a headache to Alaskan aviation. Living near lonely landing-fields, prospectors communicate by air without paying a cent of air-mail fee.

An old-timer strolls onto a flying-ground, scouts around to find when a plane is leaving for some settlement or outpost, then scribbles a brief, surreptitious note onto tail-plane or fuselage. His friend then goes to the field where the plane is to alight and, when it has landed, strolls over and reads the message. Were there regular air-mail, *Uncle Sam* would profit.

Freight—In addition to the purely passenger service the planes carry quantities of freight from the coastal ports to the interior. A miner wanted some shoes for his children. All he had to do was to telegraph the sizes to a Juneau dealer and a plane took them aboard for the next regular trip. They were dropped in his front yard with a small parachute.

The air provides another useful office. With flights over hitherto unexplored country, geologists and mining engineers locate prospective gold-diggings and chart them. Planes take sourdoughs to the lode, provide food and mine supplies.

One aerial taximan toted 400,000 pounds of supplies in an old crate of a plane in three years. He moved a Diesel engine over towering peaks into trackless, inaccessible country by taking it apart, wrapping it in mattresses and dropping it by parachute. Then he landed 500 gallons of fuel oil the same way.

Alaska's wildcat fliers have accomplished herculean tasks in a decade in opening up their Territory, but they have yet to see the color of *Uncle Sam's* WPA money. There are currently 616 WPA improvement projects at 446 of the continental United States' 2,402 air-ports at a cost of $56,072,283, but none in Alaska.

Asked to explain this, sourdoughs squawk: "We don't vote."

Radio

Q & A: Question-Bee on National Network Puts Answerers in Three Classes

A newspaper man on the Washington *Post* last spring wanted a program combining the popularity and originality of spelling-bees and "Man on the Street" broadcasts. So John Heiney started *Professor Quiz's* Night School of the Air on Station WJSV. The question-bee grew so popular that WABC in New York, and then the Columbia Broadcasting System's network, picked it up, with G. Washington Coffee as the sponsor.

Jim McWilliams, an old-time vaudeville actor and Master of Ceremonies, starred in the program.

Last September they went to the National Broadcasting Company, sponsor and all.

They changed the name of the program on the WEAF network to "Uncle Jim's Question-Bee."

Posers—The original *Professor Quiz*, still on the Columbia Sunday night question-bee, is an anonymous 200-pound question-asker. Bob Trout, dapper newscaster for the network, is his Master of Ceremonies. They take the first ten applicants every Monday morning and subject them to a barrage of questions that listeners have been sending in all week for the Sunday night broadcast. Question-submitters get a prize on both programs and winners in the answering get $25.

Men and women are neck and neck as answerers. Sometimes a question is thrown to the "cheering-section" audience. Other times the "laughing-section" gets an opportunity when a boner is pulled.

Try your skill on the questions below:

RADIO QUESTION BOX

Anonymous Professor Quiz

Turn to page 39 to check your answers, giving yourself four points for every right answer, two for half-right. Ten correct answers (40 per cent.) puts you in the mediocre class. Fifteen (60 per cent.) makes you as well-informed as the average person in the radio contests. Twenty (80 per cent.) means you are very well informed.

1. How fast does a carrier-pigeon fly?
2. What is Nobel's most widely known invention?
3. Who wrote the words, and who wrote the music, to "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes"?
4. How does an Englishman pronounce the letter "Z"?
5. How do chickens close their eyes?
6. How many columns in the average daily newspaper?
7. Which of a baby's teeth come through first?
8. What caused the death of Socrates?
9. Who are the famous "Three B's" of music?
10. What character in history cut the Gordian knot?
11. What is an actuary?
12. What is the Caterpillar Club?
13. Is a nickel 20 per cent. of a dollar?
14. Do peacocks lay eggs?
15. Which is worth more, a ton of silver half-dollars or half a ton of silver dollars?
16. Is an octoroon a wind or a string instrument?
17. Which ranks higher, a captain in the Army or a captain in the Navy?
18. How many apes are needed for an apiary?
19. What American battle-ship was called the "cheese-box on a raft"?
20. Can a dead person legally vote in an election?
21. What is a dog-watch?
22. What is the largest bird in the world and how fast can it run?
23. Does a robin hop or run when it is on the ground?
24. Why are some knickerbocker trousers called "plus fours"?
25. How many squares are there on a checker-board?

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Advertising

FEMININE APPEAL IN AUTO PROMOTION

La Salle Bids for Milady's Favor With Radio Fashion Show

Half a minute before 4 o'clock one afternoon last week, Studio 3B in New York's Radio City was shushed to a palpitant silence. At a signal from the glassed-off control-room, a fashionable audience—stylists, women's page editors, actresses and big shots of General Motors' advertising staff—watched Eddie Duchin, jazz *maestro*, raise slim hands ceilingward. A blast of trumpets, announcement from blonde actress Nola Luxford that "The La Salle Fashion Show is on the air!"—and the nattiest angle of advertising promotion tested its power in the ether.

Handmaiden of television, La Salle's Fashion Show anticipates reaching not only thousands of women in their homes, but thousands more gathered in fashion shows running simultaneously in 150 stores throughout the country featuring women's apparel. Whether in San Francisco's I. Magnin, Chicago's Marshall Field, Boston's E. T. Slattery or Atlanta's Davison Paxon, mailing-list patrons of these emporiums can see models wearing the frocks described.

Six Weeks Ahead—In the New York studio last week, Charles LeMaire, fashion prognosticator who won youthful fame designing costumes for Ziegfeld productions, cast a practised eye over the slim young figures strolling one by one past his microphone. In smooth, dulcet tones, he discussed the lines, color combinations and trimming motifs that are six weeks ahead of fashions exhibited through normal channels (shop-windows, manufacturers' salons, Paris dressmaking houses).

Interested spectators of these fashion shows throughout the country will get a first peep at the last word in feminine finery and will be privileged to order duplicates from their local shops.

Assisting Mr. LeMaire, famous stylists and actresses comment informally on the models as they pass in review, giving clearly defined instructions as to how each dress is to be worn to achieve its best effect.

"Style in wearing clothes comes from perfect balance," announced tiny blonde Tamara Geva, star of "On Your Toes," last week, while thousands of women listeners fancied themselves in fine raiment behind Broadway footlights. By the time the remoteness of such a possibility dawned, the more attainable balance of a smart motorcar was substituted by announcer Luxford.

Climaxing each program, LeMaire reads an exclusive fashion cable hot from Paris.

Auto Angle—As General Motors remains discreetly in the background, the show's value as an advertising medium for motorcars has puzzled astute competitors. A fourfold publicity hook-up explains all: (1) La Salle angle of show itself; (2) exclusive photographs of models sent to newspapers all over the country; (3) department store advertising of local fashion show which in turn hooks up with La Salle motor advertising in that district; (4) motor showrooms and dress shops swapping cars and frocks for window display.

The La Salle Fashion Shows are prepared and broadcast with the approval of the Fashion Originators Guild. Three "high-spotted" creations are selected weekly from the collections of leading dress houses. Houses thus far featured: Maurice Rentner, Jo Copeland, Nettie Rosenstein, Spectator Sports, Germaine Monteil. Fashion authorities who have gone on the air for La Salle: Sally Milgrim, Capt. Edward Molyneux (Paris), Herman Tappe, James Reynolds.

The tie-up between shops and style broadcasts provides vast merchandising possibilities in any town. Thus, in January, America's minions of the mode may select the frocks they will wear in June, and in August choose their furs for December—a custom in France.

Fashions on the air: Charles LeMaire, Nola Luxford, Tamara Geva and Eddie Duchin

Why Some Men **Don't Get Bald**

Because it's easier to *keep* a good head of hair than to *regain* it after it's gone! So they use Glover's regularly. Promotes scalp health; keeps Dandruff away; checks excessive Falling Hair; combats Baldness. Get Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the Shampoo at your druggist's, or have your Barber give you Glover's Treatments

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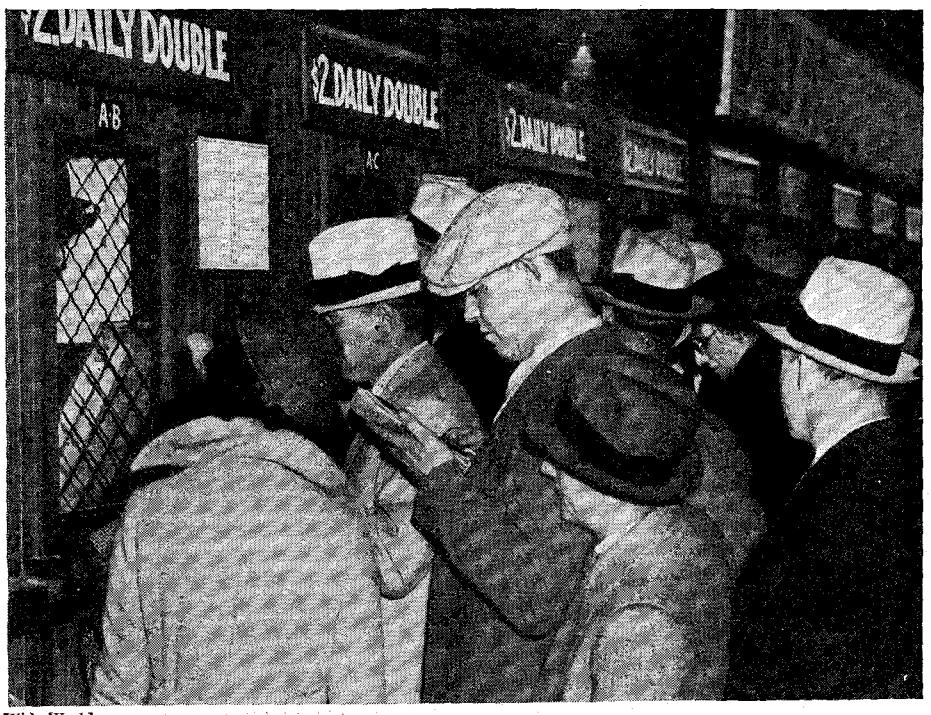
RACE-BETS: $500,000,000 A YEAR THRILLS

Yet Expert Maintains That No System Is Sure to Win

Furtively telephoning back-alley bookies, or openly shoving their money through paris-mutuels windows, two-buck hunch players and thousand-dollar gamblers will, during the coming year, help bloat a horse-racing industry whose fantastic bigness dwarfs every other outlet of America's mania for betting.

With Tropical Park, Miami, last week ushering in Florida's longest (ninety-six days) and, probably, most lucrative winter season in years, with many of the big stakes looping back to predepression levels, and money comes from the other one-third—the boys who bet anywhere from $5 to several thousand on a race. The big-money players support the game. Men who play the stock market, and retired business men craving excitement, usually bet heavily.

Most of the people playing the ponies never see the races they bet on. But the big betters, through "dope sheets" and newspaper form-charts, follow their choices pretty closely. And know much more about them than did their predecessors of twenty or twenty-five years ago.



Wide World

Two-thirds of the people who play the horses risk only two dollars at a time

with no apparent lowering of the betting temperature, 1937 may set a new record for gambling's annual turnover.

Stakes—Just how many people bet how much money on horse-races in America every year is a question, experts agree, productive only of idle speculation. In the fourteen States where betting was permitted through mutuel machines in 1935, the total amount was $223,869,700, an increase of nearly $50,000,000 over 1934.

Betting at Maryland's four major tracks (Havre de Grace, Bowie, Laurel and Pimlico) for the season recently ended zoomed twelve per cent. over the previous year to $31,543,359. Taking that highly horse-conscious State as typical, indications point to a grand total for 1936 of $250,000,000.

How much more money is placed illegally through the thousands of handbook operators is virtually indeterminable. But estimates, frankly acknowledged as pure guesswork, put the lump sum of legal and illegal wagers in this country at $500,000,000 annually.

Types—What type better is average? Jack Doyle, New York City's noted betting commissioner, estimates that two-thirds of the people who play the horses risk only $2 at a time. But, he says, most of the Women, Doyle thinks, go to the races mainly for the color and excitement, and because it is the thing to do. Not to bet. The ones who turn out on rainy days are the real betters.

Systems? "I've never seen or heard of a system yet that could beat the races," Doyle says.

Cash—Most systems are stimulated by conceit. When an American is told he "can't beat the races" he takes it as a personal challenge. But usually his "system" never gets to the races. Its inventor will "win" huge sums—on paper. But generally, when it comes to laying $100 cold cash on a 200-to-1 shot, he loses his nerve. That's why systems don't work.

To many Americans the most dependable system is to play the favorite every time. In the long run, they feel, they should come out ahead or at least break even. Doyle has been keeping a record of sports winners for years. In horse-racing, he finds, the favorite wins only about 30 per cent. of the time.

Why? A poor start from the barrier. Bad luck. Accidents. An inexpert ride by his jockey. Or just temperament. If a horse gets stubborn and doesn't feel like running his best, no one can make him do so. In spite of the known obstacles against getting rich at the race-track, Americans are notoriously betting-conscious. Doyle believes it started with the World War. Doughboys brought back from abroad a newly acquired "I may be dead to-morrow; why not take a chance?" attitude which persisted and eventually shoved betting into the open in this country.

Curve—Even during the depression, betting, particularly in the lower brackets, kept going at an amazing pace. But most of the heavy players disappeared. The Kentucky Derby stake dropped to $30,000, the Preakness to $25,000. Mainly, many experts decided, because of the depression. This year, both stakes are back to a $50,000 status.

"It was the depression itself that was to become responsible for a sudden growth in racing in the United States and for an increase in the number of plants to the present peak figure of turf history in this country," writes Damon Runyon, widely syndicated sports columnist. "The States needed money, and they found that racing could be made to pay huge sums in taxes.

"Thus there was an epidemic of legalization of race-track betting that extended from New England to California, and, with the gradual return of general confidence, an increase of wagering that has now reached an estimated total of $500,000,000 a year."

Even before the "epidemic of legalization" and the emergence of racing into the multimillionaire class, Government officials, State associations, and, to a lesser extent, the betters themselves, were vitally interested in the eradication of various forms of crookedness inevitably associated with the sport.

To assume that horse-racing is lily-white is as juvenile as it is untrue. From its earliest days the game has, like every other big industry, attracted swarms of big-time gyp gamblers and cut-rate race-track touts, all eager to "protect their investments" by any means available.

Fixing—Obviously, the best method of "protecting an investment" is "fixing" either the horse or the jockey to win or lose. Usually the "fixing" attempt involves the horse.

Injections of whisky or of drugs such as morphin and heroin can, over short distances, give a horse an added burst of speed. A sponge inserted in a horse's nostril will, over a long distance, seriously affect his breathing and probably prevent him from winning.

When, last month, an "epidemic" of sponging was reported at Bowie, Maryland, the attention of American track-followers was once again focused on the age-old query: How much dirty work does go on in horse-racing?

A special survey for The Literary Digest by Thomas Underwood, Secretary of the National Association of State Racing Commissioners, shows that no investigations into any charges of sponging have taken place at any other track. At Bowie, only one horse actually ran with a sponge in his nose. All other cases were detected before the horses ran.

The fact that the Bowie incident is the first reported this year to the National Association is remarkable in the light of the tremendous policing job involved in protecting the nation's ninety-odd tracks. New York State, at a yearly cost of $80,000, polices its tracks twenty-four hours a day.

Through legislation and close organization, together with elaborate protective

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systems, doping of horses has virtually been eradicated. One of the first actions taken by the National Association of State Racing Commissioners in 1933 was to favor use of the saliva test. The saliva of every winner is tested to show whether the horse has been stimulated by narcotics.

With doping a passé practise, sponging will be the foremost subject up before the committee that deals with corrupt practises when the National Association meets in Miami, Florida, January 11 to 14.

"It is not believed," reports Mr. Underwood, "that any such practise is in any way general, but that it is just an attempt by outlaws to reenter a sport that has virtually rid itself of corrupt practises. In the belief of racing commissioners and those running horses, racing in the United States is 98 per cent. honest."

COON-CHASING: Musical Baying of Hounds, Treeing Quarry, Thrills in Long Winter Night

A grand-stand rousing incidental to football, a rhythmic accompaniment to exhibition figure-skating, music is the why and wherefore of an ancient sport which this month reaches a thrilling climax for thousands of Americans, particularly in the East and South: raccoon-hunting with dogs.

In the fall and early winter, until heavily-piled snow and subzero weather drive their furry, ring-tailed prey to the warmer sanctuary of hollow trees, coon-dog fanciers spend long, chilly nights following their hounds on foot with a dogged enthusiasm unusual in sport circles.

Neither mountains, nor swamps, nor face-lashing briers, ominous perils all in the uncertain light of flickering lanterns, bruise their enjoyment. Catching the coon is relatively insignificant, provided he gives the dogs a good run.

As in fox-chasing by night, the important thing is the "music"—the distant, melancholy baying of hounds on the hunt, changing abruptly to sharp, staccato yelping as they tree or hole up their quarry.

Bugling—Fox-chasing parties usually settle themselves on a hilltop to gossip, bet and listen as the pack gives tongue in neighboring gullies and woods. When the chase takes the dogs too far away for identification of individual voices, the sport's main fascination, the foxhound gentry race off by automobile to another hill.

If the pack, under a huntsman's guidance, fails to stir up a fox or fresh trail, the dogs are herded into a truck and hurried off to new fields, there to be "cast" again.

Not so with the coon-chasing *clique*. To them, following the dogs on foot and watching them compete against one another is almost as exciting as listening to the "music." Starting at nine or ten o'clock on a dark, moonlit night, hardy coon-hunters follow their dogs at a fairly easy gait at first, pausing now and then to disentangle burrs and brambles and listen for the first mad outbreak of barking indicating a hot trail.

Treed—It may be two or three in the morning before the hounds bring the raccoon to bay. The hunting-party may be a mile or so away when the frenzied chorus of voices announces that the coon is peering down from a tree-top, or has scampered to safety deep in an inaccessible hole. It makes no difference whether dense forests or slimy marshes separate the pack from the party. The idea is to get there as quickly as possible. Every man for himself.

Raccoons are either shot down or, if they are to be taken alive, shaken down from the tree. If they pick a hollow tree, they are smoked out. Dogs can't climb trees, but, if they're venturesome enough, they'll try, often somersaulting down, to pick themselves up and try again.

Coon-hunts are held at night not because it's more exciting then, but because, aside from bats and flying squirrels, raccoons are the most strictly nocturnal of all American mammals.

Site—The best place to start a hunt is along the bank of a pond or stream. Coons depend upon turtles, frogs, fish, crayfish and mussels for much of their food. And no matter what they eat, they always wash it in water first.

Often, during the chase, a raccoon will swim through water to hide the scent from pursuing dogs. If a hound catches him in the water, it's bad news—for the hound.

In his aquatic haunts a coon is a ferocious fighter. With just the tip of his nose showing above the surface, he warily circles the less agile dog like a boxer sparring for an opening. When he spots his opening, he darts in, clamps sharp teeth on the dog's nose, and pulls him under water, releasing him only when he is drowned.

Because of the uncertainty, the excitement and the keen competition, coon-chasing has developed into a gambling proposition of considerable importance. In a competitive chase, the pack follows a designated trail, laid either by walking a live coon or dragging a bagful of droppings over the course beforehand.

Hound—A good coon-dog is money in the bank for his owner. If he's good enough he can win back many times his price and upkeep in a single day on prizes and wagers.

Most coon-hunting men use pure-bred dogs. But for chasing, in which music and nose are so important, mongrels are best. They aren't beautiful dogs, but they're fast and courageous and know how to win money. An average one costs about $150. Exceptional hounds bring $500 and more.

A thorough-going coon-chasing man, like I. B. (Bake) Baker, of Norwich, Ohio, will travel almost anywhere to enter his dogs in a big stake. The hounds ride in a specially-built light truck or trailer, so constructed that they won't be injured if it overturns *en route*.

At the chase, each dog has a number painted on his sides and competes for line-dog and tree-dog prizes. In the line-dog competition, for speed, the award goes to the first hound reaching a designated point somewhere along the trail. In the tree-dog event, accent is on trailing ability and the first to "give tongue" at the tree takes the money.

Gamblers—Betting-fever runs high at a coon-chase. Some years ago, writes Max Riddle, in the Seattle *Sunday Times*, "auction-betting" was introduced at the Eastern meets and gradually spread over the entire circuit.

Courtesy Erskine Lakes Preserve

Coon-hunting: music and nose are what count

Before the race, an auctioneer "sells" the dogs at prices equal to the odds a bookmaker might offer. The dogs then belong to the highest bidders for the duration of the race. Of the total amount taken in for one race, one part goes to the actual owner of the dog, another to the association, another to the auctioneer and most of it to the temporary "owner."

Some of the dogs have reputations as enviable as Man o' War's on the running track, or Greyhound's on the trotting circuit. One of the most famous, Baker's Pony Express, has won $1,100 in one day.

Event—The "Kentucky Derby" for coon-chasers is Leafy Oak, held every Labor Day at Kenton, Ohio, to determine the grand championships. More than 200 dogs compete every year for a purse of $1,000 and heat-purses of $50. Owners of winning hounds generally can clean up a tidy fortune on wagers.

One of the best of the recent Leafy Oak winners is Buckeye Jack, owned by R. O. Champlin, of Wilmington, Ohio. Buckeye Jack won national championships in 1935 and 1936. Five years old, with a good many chases to go, he has earned for his owner a total of $6,500.

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FORTUNES IN "WORTHLESS" SECURITIES

Smythe and Scudder Companies Hunt Treasure in Old Paper

Acme

Considered at one time only decorative, some of these stocks and bonds staged a come-back

Employees of R. M. Smythe, Inc., answer the telephone guardedly. For fifty years the company's founder, "No Telephone Smythe," barred the instrument from his office altogether. Even now, six years after his death, the telephone's jangle stirs an inharmonious note in the company's musty Wall Street offices.

A company that deals in the securities of concerns which long ago gave up their corporate ghosts needs no telephone. An unwary clerk may let slip information which should be paid for, or take down an extinct company's name incorrectly, and spend futile hours and even days searching through hoary files.

What such a company needs are time, financial records that reach back almost to the '60's, and the zeal of treasure-hunters. R. M. Smythe, Inc., has all of these, and the treasures it pursues would dwarf a thousandfold the buried hoard of a *Captain Kidd*.

"Valueless" Treasure—More than $100,000,000 in supposedly valueless stocks and bonds lie unclaimed and unliquidated in the vaults of the Government, in the strong-boxes of banks and trust companies, in the old trunks of investors.

The United States Treasury alone holds more than $50,000,000 of unclaimed matured Government bonds whose owners have but to present their certificates to get their money.

Thousands of steam railroads, public utilities and mining corporations failed during the last century, were merged with other companies or foreclosed. They left behind them millions of dollars of presumably worthless gilded paper. Similarly, States, counties and cities borrowed heavily from bond-buying institutions and the public, then repudiated their obligations when hard times came.

Foreclosure and bankruptcy do not always completely wipe out the values of the liquidating company's securities. Years of litigation by embattled bondholders may salvage a decree value of, say, $25 for each $1,000 bond. Or a new company may take over the property of an old one, and clean up its records by paying something on the obligations of its predecessor.

Holders of such obligations, however, may not be on hand when final settlements are published. They may have moved away, or died, or lost complete track of negotiations.

By the Bushel—The story which dealers in "obsolete" securities like best, and which no one can prove, concerns a physician in suburban New York who paid $40 for a bushel of antiquated stock and bond certificates to brighten the walls of his library. Included in the batch were the stock certificates of a defunct Pennsylvania coal company. More than a year after the transaction a dealer breathlessly called the physician. "Were the stock certificates still on the walls of his library?" They were.

A Pennsylvania court had set a decree value on the coal company shares. The dealer brought a company representative to the physician's home. With a stamp the representative proceeded to cancel out the stock. For the privilege he paid the physician $15,000.

Tracery—To Scudder & Co. a bank recently brought an unclaimed safe deposit box, asked officials to trace the owners of securities deposited in it. In the box Robert D. Fisher, thirty-four-year-old Vice-President of Marvin Scudder & Co., found 143,000 shares of Franklinite Steel & Zinc Co. of New Jersey, and 90,000 shares of an affiliate concern. Fisher's investigation disclosed that the company had dissolved, sold its property and distributed the proceeds to stockholders. This done, the company found it had $14,000 unclaimed. This amount the company deposited in a New Jersey bank. Interest eventually swelled the deposit to $23,000.

Fisher then located an heir of the original holder of the defunct company's stock, started suit in a New Jersey Chancery Court. He expects now to recover the full amount by posting a perpetual bond.

The Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Co. of New York failed in 1890, was to be liquidated by the North American Trust Co. of New York. This company was succeeded by the Equitable Trust Co., which was succeeded in turn by the Chase National Bank. R. M. Smythe, Inc., discovered that holders of Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Co. $1,000 bonds can still get $60 for each.

The Troy & North Carolina Gold Mining Co., incorporated in New York in 1866, permitted its corporate charter to lapse. This year the company sought reinstatement. Scudder & Co. wondered why, investigated, and found that the company owned property in North Carolina which will be included in a forest preserve purchase by the United States Government. Now Scudder & Co. is especially interested in the securities of any company owning property in certain parts of North Carolina.

$200 Lesson—"No Telephone Smythe" (his name was Roland M. Smythe) took up the hunt for the gold contained in obsolete securities unexpectedly. As a brokerage house floorman on the Produce Exchange in the early '80's, he set out to sell some repudiated South Carolina State bonds for his employer. Smythe's instructions were to sell the securities as "junk," and Smythe found a customer who would take them at $2 each.

En route to make delivery, Smythe was accosted by a broker who persuaded him to give up one of the bonds. In return the friend gave to Smythe another worthless security. He promised Smythe half the proceeds if he could sell the repudiated bond.

A month later young Smythe received a check for $400. His curiosity piqued, he wrote to the Treasurer of South Carolina and discovered that his broker friend had cashed a "fundable" bond. For it $1,200 had been paid.

Smythe hastened to his friend and demanded: "Since when is $400 half of $1,200?"

The friend replied: "Don't tell me the experience and knowledge you've gained aren't worth the $200."

Lists—With his $200 worth of knowledge and experience, Smythe further investigated repudiated and obsolete bonds. Soon he began to accumulate lists of extinct companies and eventually amassed information on more than a million securities.

Meanwhile Marvin Scudder, of Marvin Scudder & Co., also was amassing data on railroads, banks, public utilities, government entities. With this information he later went into the business of publishing manuals on extinct and obsolete companies.

Because of their vast files, R. M. Smythe, Inc., and Scudder & Co. find that they can answer promptly more than 95 per cent. of inquiries addressed to them.

O. P. Schwarzchild, present head of R. M. Smythe & Co., sometimes turns over a deal involving thousands of dollars merely by consulting his files. More often he and his aids have to dig. Often Schwarzchild starts with the date of the certificate of incorporation. If the share is that of a mining corporation he goes back to the mining

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records for that year, learns what happened to the company. Then he writes to officials of the county in which the company was located to learn what happened to the property. Occasionally he finds individuals paying taxes on a defunct corporation's property in the hope that the company will start operating again.

The late "No Telephone Smythe" revealed in his book, "Valuable Extinct Securities," that the best hunting-grounds for obsolete securities are Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Philadelphia and Baltimore, he found, are richest of all cities in valuable dead and curious shares and bonds. Abroad, the best hunting-grounds are England and the Netherlands. The rest of the world, said Smythe, isn't worth bothering about.

TARGET FOR SEC: Meehan's Sky-Rocketing Operations in Stock Market Under Inquiry

In Wall Street's predepression days, sightseers in the Stock Exchange's visitors' gallery constantly pestered their gray-clad guides to point out fabulous "Mike" Meehan on the trading-floor below.

To them, as to Wall Street itself, the red-haired, bespectacled former theater-ticket salesman was a symbol of the great bull market, its sky-rocketed prices, its produce of huge, quickly-made fortunes, including his own of $25,000,000 or more. Public interest in his activities survived the panic of '29, quickened promptly during the following bear market years whenever his name appeared in print.

Last week that interest quickened once more when a Securities & Exchange examiner held "Mike" Meehan guilty of price-rigging in the stock market, and Federal attorneys clamored for his expulsion from the country's major stock and commodity exchanges. Under commitment in a New York hospital for mental and nervous cases, however, the once spectacular stock-broker was safe from public curiosity.

Target—The SEC's charge of deceptively manipulating low-priced Bellanca Aircraft stock on the New York Curb Exchange has been hanging over Meehan for nearly a year. It was largely responsible for his retirement from Wall Street to a sanatorium last summer. Involving only a small change in Bellanca's price, only a comparatively small profit for Meehan, the broker's questioned market operation would have been unimportant if it had not supplied the SEC with a shining target for its first open attack upon Wall Street practises.

It is chiefly because of Meehan's prominence as a Stock Exchange member that the Commission's ultimate finding a few weeks hence will get wide-spread attention. For tho the finding will mean nothing material to Bellanca Aircraft stockholders, it will mean much to Wall Street and the exchanges. And to "Mike" Meehan.

Less than twenty years ago, young Michael J. Meehan was winning potent friends in the Wall Street district by furnishing them with front-row seats in New York theaters. Profitable business flowed to him from those friends when he became a Curb broker in 1918, a Stock Exchange member two years later.

When the market for Radio Corporation of America shares was moved from the Curb to the Stock Exchange in 1924, Meehan made them his specialty, worked day and night to interest men of millions in their possibilities. So induced, absorption by such men steadily reduced the floating supply of the stock, ultimately created the situation which caused its price to soar sensationally from 85 to 420 in 1928, to 570 in 1929.

Profits—From that rise, for which he was largely responsible, Meehan profited enormously. Huge profits came to him also from large-scale ventures in other climbing stocks, from expansion of his brokerage business to include offices in up-town New York and on transatlantic liners, to involve investment in five high-priced Stock Exchange memberships. Allied at times with such potentates as John J. Raskob and Percy Rockefeller, his market operations were manifold, spectacular.

Damaged but not crippled by the panic of 1929, Meehan retrenched steadily through the depression period, survived many a market misfortune, again became chiefly a Stock Exchange specialist. His breakdown came only when SEC accusations questioned his integrity and threatened permanently to block his financial come-back. Indignantly, last week, his friends called the SEC proceedings persecution.

Acme

Michael J. Meehan: $25,000,000 operator

BRIGHT LIGHTS: Neon Company's Earnings Rise, Signs Illumine Recovery in Nation

Commuters hastening to holiday dinners in suburban New Jersey this week glued their eyes against train-windows to catch the spectacular neon-lighted Yuletide decorations brightening their otherwise drab December countryside. Most startling were a green-and-red *Kris Kringle* and reindeer topping the roof of a home near Newark. Less startling but more numerous were the neon-illuminated trees lighting up miles of lawn.

For Claude Neon Lights, Inc., and the forty-odd distributing companies it controls, and for the $30,000,000 neon industry generally, the country-wide demand for gay holiday neon decorations helped brighten a business outlook which for six years has contrasted sharply with the cheerful product which the industry sells.

The $1,050,000 Claude Neon Lights, Inc., which controls 35 per cent. of

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the American neon light market, accumulated a half-million-dollar deficit after 1930. Nor did the drab picture change in the generally prosperous first six months of this year, for the company reported a $28,000 loss and admittedly was headed for its seventh successive yearly deficit, despite a 35 per cent. rise in business.

Inventor—Yet Claude Neon Lights, Inc., has not always lost money. To Georges Claude, who discovered how to obtain the rare neon illuminating gases cheaply, the company provided a good portion of the $2,000,000 which he is said to have realized from his invention.

In 1929, the corporation's no par common stock soared to 455 and was split ten shares for one.

But the company's apparent success, paradoxically, partly led to its depression nose-dive. In boom year 1928, for instance, Claude Neon Lights, Inc., and its subsidiaries dominated 80 per cent. of the luminous tube market. The phrase Claude Neon already had become a household word. Few persons who gazed fascinated at a neon sign knew that the man who started the industry was named Georges Claude, not Claude Neon.

Then competitors began to crowd Neon Lights, Inc., from its dominant position. Despite the corporation's costly struggle against alleged patent infringements by large and small *entrepreneurs* (some with as little capital as $500) the corporation's 80 per cent. slice was whittled to 35 per cent.

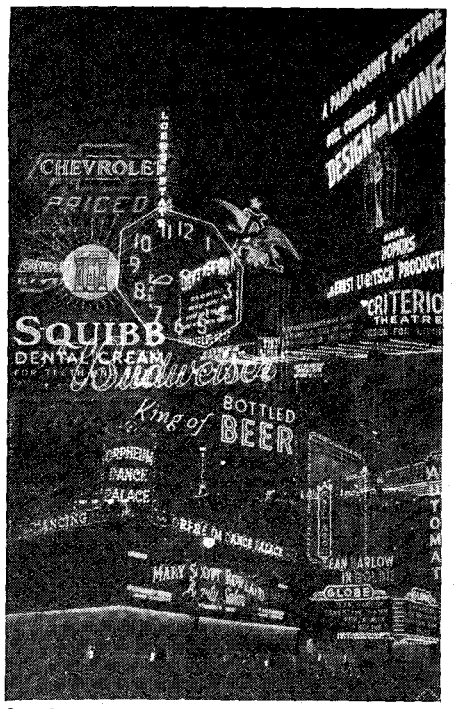
By 1930 the company wearied, after half a decade, of patent litigation to protect five assertedly basic patents. The fight was too costly. Altho the company won many suits, the victories drained its treasury. Now only one suit persists, that against the Rainbow Luminous Products Co. To date Rainbow Products, operating on so-called Machlett patents, has successfully defended its right to the processes by which it manufactures its tubing.

Process—The neon sign consists of a glass vacuum tube containing a small amount of neon gas. Two metal terminals, or electrodes, at each end pass electric current into the gas, causing it to glow with a steady, piercing light. In 1932, the fundamental Claude patent covering the size of the cold electrodes expired, and the patented electrode became available to the trade at large. But by then the damage to the Claude Neon company had already been done.

Generally recognized as the man who fathered the neon industry in America is W. T. Hollingsworth, now in his seventies and still Chairman of the Board of Neon Lights, Inc. As European manager for Westinghouse Electric, Hollingsworth met Georges Claude in France at the turn of the century. Later Hollingsworth came to America to organize the distribution of neon tubing for Claude, formed Claude Neon Lights, Inc. The corporation issued operating licenses to subsidiary companies throughout the country, took stock in these companies in return.

Optimism—Currently, the neon industry as a whole, and Neon Lights, Inc., in particular, looks optimistically to 1937.

A survey by Donald G. Fink and Samuel C. Miller, published by McGraw-Hill, supports such optimism and discloses a steadily increasing demand. Fink and Miller reveal in their study that New York alone annually buys $6,000,000 of neon signs costing from $125 to $15,000 each. The



Owen M. Smith from Nesmith

Times Square: neon industry's brightest spot

authors point out that 90 per cent. of all signs now in use are of the luminous tube or neon variety, that for every neon sign outdoors, five are installed indoors.

In garish Times Square, the spectator can count more than 300 neon signs varying from the small window display to the Schenley Distillers Products advertising-tower which lights up the area with almost two-thirds of a mile of neon tubing.

For the next year the industry has ambitious plans, expects demand to widen substantially as neon lighting becomes more popular in interior decoration.

Neon executives now envision neon lighting to suit every person's mood. For depression a gay green, yellow or pink light. For tense nerves, a soothing blue.

SOARING GRAINS: World-Wide Rearmament Movement Affects U. S. Commodity Prices

Last week the price of wheat shot forward eight cents a bushel, hit the highest price in seven years. In frantic trading in Chicago, Liverpool and other great futures markets, quotations soared to $1.40 and $1.50.

Quickly, newspapers seized upon an obvious explanation. Germany had just disclosed that it was 30,000,000 bushels short of its wheat needs, 38,000,000 bushels short of its rye requirements. The year's bread grain crops have been either poor, as in the United States, or merely mediocre, as in Europe.

But neither the sudden demand from Germany nor the failure of the year's crops provided the complete answer. How about the record rise of coco, rubber, lead, zinc and other commodities? they asked.

Advances—Since December, 1935, coco has more than doubled in price, now sells at 10.8 cents a pound (January futures) against 4.7 last year. Rubber has advanced from 13.1 cents to 20.3 cents. Copper is up from 7.9 to 11 cents, and dealers predict it will reach 12.

Furthermore, the *New York Journal of Commerce's* Commodity Index, mirroring movements of thirty commodities, stood at 156 last week, as against 132 during the similar week in 1935.

The upward surge of all commodities, many argued, could be ascribed to two chief causes. First, Government and private agencies had tampered with production, had therefore upset the "supply" side of practically all commodities.

Production of rubber is tightly controlled by British and Dutch interests. British and Dutch growers also control and curtail the production of coco. In the United States and in virtually every other nation which produces bread grains, governments have disturbed normal operation.

The second reason for the upward movement of commodities, it was pointed out, is world-wide trade revival. Thus, while Government agencies and industrial cartels have been curtailing supplies to stabilize prices, reopening plants everywhere have precipitated sharp demands for raw materials.

Weather—Moreover, ironic nature this year completed the job of crop reduction which men began by withering a substantial portion of America's wheat-crop and reducing the output 25 per cent. below the 1928-'32 average.

Observers point to additional factors in the commodity price rise. Certain European nations, like Germany, have played no part in world markets for several years because they have been living on reserves built up from bumper crops. These reserves have been depleted.

And had not all these factors boosted prices, observers agree, one final factor alone could have pushed prices up.

That is world-wide rearmament. For when a nation rearms it becomes a voracious user of nickel, cotton, lead, tin, rubber, manganese and other raw materials.

PYRAMID: D. M. Milton Laid Out $13,000, Got Control of $218,000,000 Investment Trust

Another cheaply acquired, intricately devised investment trust pyramid was nationally spot-lighted last week when young David Merriwether Milton, son-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., revealed how he gained control of $218,000,000 Equity Corporation with an original cash outlay of $13,000, plus 6,500 shares of an inactive insurance company's stock.

As a first step, the youthful lawyer-turned-financier made that investment as one-third of what was needed to buy control of Consolidated Funds of New York, a trust which controlled Oceanic Insurance Co., which in turn owned one-fourth of Equity Corporation. That done, Equity's former management soon found reason to have a subsidiary pay $900,000 for certain assets of another investment trust which Milton controlled. With the $900,000, the latter concern promptly bought control of Equity itself, thereby bringing about the desired Milton domination of its affairs.

In due course, the domination included that of other insurance companies with resources totaling nearly $185,000,000. Last week in Washington, Counsel David Schenker, of the Securities & Exchange Commission, characterized the well-rounded transaction as that of "the Van Sweringen of the investment trust field."

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Mail

(Continued from page 2)

Thus, there was no real break with the Pope nor any official Church of England until 1534, when Parliament enacted the law which made the King supreme head of the Church of England.

The immediate reason for this break, as given in the New Standard Encyclopedia (Funk & Wagnalls), was Henry's desire to dissolve his marriage with Catherine of Aragon.—*Editor.*

Pacifists vs. Militarists: Round Four

Sir:—With reference to the "challenge" proclaimed in your issue of December 12 by Mr. A. B. Cushing, the answer is: Switzerland.

Not too positively, however. For I don't quite follow the use of Mr. Cushing's "challenge." If he means a small monetary wager (very small), I shall be glad to accommodate. But if he is talking about a duel, I hasten to withdraw; I do not choose to fight.

VICTOR SCHMIDT.

Schenectady, New York.

Ilah-llah

Sir:—As a reader of Arabic, I spotted the script under the picture of the *muezzin* in your article on Ramadan (November 21 issue). I found your article excellent and congratulate you on the most vivid picture of the scene I have read in an American journal.

For the sake of exactness, however, I must criticize your translation of the word *"suras"* as "verse." *"Sura"* is the noun for book or chapter. But a verse of a chapter is *"aya"* or *"she'er."* Also, in your story, the transliteration should be *"Allah akbar la ilah ilah-llah."* Translated: "Allah is greatest, there is no deity but Allah."

As you see, the last word is the full word for "Allah," with the "A" elided for euphony.

Pittsburgh. J. C. LORIMER.

British Libel Law

Sir:—Your article on Henry Seidel Canby's "literary scoop" of a review of Lawrence's "The Mint" is most fascinating. It is this type of story that indicates both the brilliance of the present LITERARY DIGEST editorial policy of showing what events mean, and how worth while is the old policy of THE DIGEST'S meaty culling of other periodicals for the best that is in them.

But I certainly disagree with the book publisher you quote as saying: "The law in England reads, 'The greater the truth, the greater the libel.'" Really now, British law says no such thing.

At times courts have quoted this statement in cases where the alleged libel involved a rehashing of some long-dead truth, where no good end was served by revival. Actually, British and American libel laws differ not three whits. True, English courts are more strict with erring newspapers than are American courts, but only because of harsher judgments.

I should like to see a more complete exposition of the law of libel in your columns in the future. We know far too little of the press of other countries. J. G. WALLSON.

Chicago.

Spain

Sir:—A glance, recently, at a friend's copy of THE LITERARY DIGEST proved your treatment of the Civil War in Spain to be so clear that I have become a subscriber to your magazine. Probably the newspapers do cover developments in Spain in their hotchpotch of confusing material; but it has taken your magazine to sort it out and make heads and tails of it for me.

Incidentally, I have put my high-schooling daughter on a LITERARY DIGEST diet. Instead of trying to bluff an answer to some of her all-too-pertinent questions concerning events of the day, I now *ask her.*

Cleveland, Ohio. JOE ROBINSON.

Seattle Skiers

Sir:—A number of men who are interested in our community commented favorably on the nice things you had to say about Seattle under "Seething Seattle," December 5 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. However, we feel that we have been remiss in not pointing out to you that ours is a skiing country so that you might have included us in your article, "Skis Aid Boom," in the same issue. . . .

Skiers from all over the world come to Rainier National Park, where cabins are leased for the winter. . . . There is always a capacity crowd at Park Inn over holiday week-ends. . . . And, of course, there is the Sun Valley development of the Union Pacific Railroad. With down-hill runs two miles long . . . you may ski in comfort stripped to the waist . . . or take sun-baths in roofless ice *igloos.* . . . Escalators pull skiers back up the hills. C. E. JOHNS.

Seattle, Washington.

Those cabins, with steaks broiled over a charcoal fire, *et al,* make any New Yorker green with envy. But if we skied down any wintry slope stripped to the waist, our blue physiognomy would need more than an escalator to get it back for another try.—*Editor.*

Polaroid

Sir:—Following up your timely article on Polaroid (THE LITERARY DIGEST, December 12), your readers may be interested in a comparison of the manner in which the French are approaching the problem of headlight glare.

The French Minister of Public Works has issued an order compelling all motorists in France to use yellow headlights on their vehicles on and after April 1, 1937.

Obviously, this is a far less adequate solution for blotting out undesirable light than is the polarization principle. Physics teachers, optical experimenters and inventors have long realized that polarization offered the ideal solution; the problem has been that polarizing crystals large enough for headlights have cost three or four times as much as a car.

All honor to inventor Land, whose Polaroid promises to reduce the frightful toll of automobile accidents.

Minneapolis. C. F. W. CARLSON.

Sir:—Before the scheme for polarizing auto lighting has gone too far, I submit two serious drawbacks:

1. Before all cars attach polarizing lamp screens, national legislation will have to force it. Since the majority of car owners have old models, they may prevent such legislation to save themselves money—even to their own danger.

2. Head lamps will have to use much more power to give the same illumination of the road to the vision of the driver. How many cars could stand the additional drain on their batteries? ROBERT B. BENNETT.

Indianapolis.

Sir:—Your article on polarized headlights is months behind the times. The *Berliner Illustrierte* last March or April illustrated polarized headlights which were standard equipment for German cars in 1936.

Portland, Maine. ALFRED FISCHER.

A Polaroid executive, called to Germany to consult with auto manufacturers on headlight problems, reports that an article on a suggested practical method of polarizing headlights appeared in a German periodical, expressing the hope that such devices would become standard equipment. Actually such equipment is not yet standard on German or any other mass-production car.

The French use of yellow headlights is partially to derive greater luminosity and fog-penetrating power.—*Editor.*

Professional Escorts

Sir:—I approve your article on Ted Peckham's Guide Escort Service, December 12 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and wish we had a similar service in Kansas City.

After all, men have borne the expense of entertaining women ever since the incident in the Garden of Eden; I think it's about time they got the breaks.

Of course, I don't think a young man who can afford to spend money on night-clubs should be subsidized by his girl friends. But there are so many delightful college men who just haven't the cash to take us out to the really gay dancing-places that I, for one, am glad somebody has organized them and made it easy and respectable for a woman to help them out of the financial difficulties, give them a chance to have a good time ordinarily beyond their means.

Perhaps the rules which Mr. Peckham lays down for his escorts are a trifle severe, but it certainly must be a pleasure to know that you can trust your "date" under any circumstances—that he will remain sober and a gentleman no matter what the temptation. I have a feeling that the Peckham escorts may set a very good example to their contemporaries by the restraint his business rules impose.

Kansas City, Missouri. HELEN SMITH.

Housing

Sir:—I have just finished reading the article, "Wanted, Thirteen Million Homes," which appeared in the December 5 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

In this article, you describe homes which "almost run themselves," and which cost as little as $2,500 to $5,000. I paid a great deal more than that for my present home; yet it is I who have to do all the running. Is there anything similar to the "Kelvinator Package" which would rejuvenate unsatisfactory homes such as mine?

San Francisco. MARY GENTRY.

Altho we have never seen them wrapped in packages, good architects can work miracles remodeling obsolete houses.—*Editor.*

Light Brigade

Sir:—Previous letters in your "Mail" column recall to me a member of the famous Light Brigade who lived in Collingwood, Ontario. His name was Hyatt (Thomas, I believe), and he was living there to my knowledge between 1875 and 1885. He was a cobbler and all the children of the town knew him. He had a saber-wound on his head and boasted a silver plate about two inches long. He is buried in the cemetery at Collingwood.

Hibbing, Minnesota. MONA PENFOUND.

This is the fourth member of the Light Brigade reported by our readers to be buried in America. First member, John H. L. Fuller, whose grave-marker in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, South Carolina, reads: "The only Member of the Gallant 600 that charged at Balaklava, Russia, buried in America," had better move over.

All-seeing eyes are the eyes of THE LITERARY DIGEST readers.—*Editor.*

THE CORRECT ANSWERS

Here are the correct answers to the questions on page 32. You may not have answered them in the same words, but if you wrote down the correct facts, count yourself right. If you knew the right answer, but didn't write it down, count yourself wrong.

1. Fifty miles an hour.
2. Dynamite.
3. Ben Jonson, words; Mozart, music.
4. "Zed," not "Zee."
5. From the bottom up.
6. Eight.
7. Lower front, usually.
8. Hemlock, self-administered poison, because of "impiety and innovation," crimes in ancient Greece.
9. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms.
10. Alexander the Great.
11. Statistician in an insurance company.
12. Composed of aviators who have "bailed out."
13. No, 5 per cent.
14. No, but pea-hens do.
15. A ton of silver half-dollars.
16. Neither: a person with one-eighth Negro blood.
17. A captain in the Navy.
18. None. Bees inhabit an apiary.
19. The *Monitor.*
20. Yes, if he mails an absentee ballot, then dies before election-day.
21. On ship, either of two watches between 4 and 8 P.M.
22. The ostrich. Sixty m.p.h.
23. It runs.
24. British tailors added four inches to the usual bottom width of knickers.
25. Sixty-four.

Did You Know—

What is the greatest single cause of death in the United States? (See page 17.)

What book hit the millionth-copy mark last week? (See page 24.)

What universities permit men students to entertain girls in their rooms? (See page 28.)

What country's Christmas season began on December 6? (See page 29.)

Who "That Girl From France" is? (See page 22.)

Where mail is bootlegged in the United States? (See page 31.)

What animal carefully washes everything it eats? (See page 35.)

What school never flunks anybody out? (See page 29.)

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WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Chang Hsueh-liang—Chinese marshal—each part a syllable: *chang shu* (*u* as in *cur*) *lyang*.

Chiang Kai-shek—kidnaped generalissimo—either of two ways: *jyang* (one syllable) *guy shack*, or *chyang* (one syllable) *kye sheck*.

Feng Yu-hsiang—Chiang's military lieutenant—*feng yu* (*u* as in *cur*) *shyang* (one syllable).

Mao Tse-tung—Communist leader—*mow* (rimes with *now*) *tsee toong*.

Neuger—chorus-master, Metropolitan opera—as if written *noy'ger*.

Sachse—stage director, Metropolitan opera—as if spelled *zack'zy*.

Vajda—assistant conductor, Metropolitan opera—*aj* equals *ai* of *aisle;* or, *vi'da*.

Off-Side

Radio—London policemen (bobbies) now carry radio sets in their pockets. The miniature receiving-set picks up instructions from Police Headquarters on the run (or walk).

* * *

Bite—"Every dog should be allowed one bite," declared a judge in the Shanghai Police Court. An unruly terrier was pardoned with warning when found to have no previous "nipping" record.

* * *

Thomas—The police report of an automobile accident in Springfield, Ohio, read: "Thomas, Thomas Thomas's dog, jumped in Thomas Thomas's lap and caused Thomas Thomas to hit a truck."

* * *

Patience—Starting in Fairmont, West Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton hope to reach Texas in October, 1937. They are pushing a two-wheel cart. Hamilton lectures and entertains with music in schools *en route*.

* * *

Rattlers—Latest entertainment reported from Arizona is to watch "rattlesnake milking." Visitors are invited to "Rattlesnake Gardens" to watch "the milking, or extracting of venom from live reptiles." Admission: fifty cents.

* * *

Tallest—Fred B. Zimmer, six feet, seven inches tall, is the record-holder for height of all applicants accepted for Regular Army service at Albany, New York. Had he been a half-inch taller, he would have been rejected, said a recruiting officer.

* * *

Kiss—The Supreme Court of Austria has ruled that every wife may indulge in one extra marital kiss without risking divorce. "One instance of infidelity does not warrant lifelong divorce," the high court ruled, reversing the decision of a lower court.

* * *

Egg—At Hudson Falls, New York, Edward R. Johnson was astonished one day to find his pet "April pullet" had produced an egg 7¾ by 6¾ inches. The hen is a cross between a barred rock and a New Hampshire red, the proud owner declared.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Definite.—SHE: "My Paw is the best pistol shot in this country."

HE: "And what does that make you?"

SHE: "Your wife to be."—*Florida Times-Union (Jacksonville).*

Persuasion.—SCENE: A lonely spot on a dark night.

"Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor man. Besides this revolver, I have nothing in this wide world!"—*Exchange.*

Service.—TOURIST: "Where will I find the bus for Pumpkin Corners?"

NATIVE: "On top of you if you don't get out of the middle of the street."—*Florida Times-Union (Jacksonville).*

Lapse.—SCENE: Kit inspection on the British transport lines.

OFFICER: "Driver Jones, you have only one spur here. Where's the other?"

JONES: "Blimey! Must have left it sticking in the 'oss, sir."—*Boston Transcript.*

Once in a Lifetime.—MAGISTRATE: "What induced you to strike your wife?"

HUSBAND: "Well, your Wushiip, she 'ad 'er back to me, the frying-pan was handy, and the back door was open, so I thought I'd take me chance."—*The Earth Mover (Aurora, Ill.).*

Remote Control.—A doctor attended an old lady from Scotland who had caught a severe cold.

"Did your teeth chatter when you felt the chill coming over you?" asked the doctor.

"I dinna ken, Doctor; they were laying on the table!" was the pleasant reply.—*Boston Transcript.*

What's the Name, Please?—

A young man named Cholmondley Colquhoun
Once kept as a pet a babolquhoun;
His mother said, "Cholmondley,
Do you think it quite colmondley
To feed your babolquhoun with a spolquhoun?"

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Current Case.—A chap was arraigned for assault and battery and brought before the judge.

JUDGE: "What is your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?"

PRISONER: "My name is Sparks; I am an electrician, and I'm charged with battery."

JUDGE (after recovering his equilibrium): "Officer, put this guy in a dry cell."—*The Christian Advocate.*

Obliging.—A young subaltern joined a guards depot, his upper lip as yet unadorned with even the suspicion of down. The adjutant sent for him.

"You must grow a mustache."

"Yes, sir."

"And not one of those Chaplin affairs—a proper mustache."

"Yes, sir."

The interview was finished, but the subaltern did not move, so the adjutant asked: "Well, what more do you want?"

"Any particular color, sir?"—*Montreal Star.*

Determined.—"Who's that close-mouthed fellow over there?"

"He ain't close-mouthed. He's just waitin' for the janitor to come back with the spittoon."—*The Earth Mover (Aurora, Ill.).*

Trap.—Smoking a cigarette, the small boy advanced upon the ticket office and demanded a half-fare ticket to Binghampton.

"What!" cried the booking clerk, "a kid like you smoking a cigarette?"

"Kid be blowed!" was the indignant reply. "I'm fourteen."

"Full fare, please."—*Grit (Sidney, Australia).*

Impasse.—Mrs. Williams could only find two aisle seats, one behind the other. Wishing to sit with her sister, she cautiously surveyed the man in the next seat. Finally she leaned over and whispered: "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you alone?"

Without even turning his head in the slightest, but twisting his mouth and shielding it with his hand, he muttered: "Cut it out, sister, cut it out; the wife's with me."—*The Wall Street Journal.*

Slips That Pass in Type

TILTED FILM ACTOR SUES FOR DIVORCE
—*Lansing (Mich.) paper.*

He's got the wrong slant.

EDWARD READY FOR EXILE
Leaves Specter in Hands of Brother
—*Los Angeles (Calif.) paper.*

Ex-monarch gives up the ghost.

Registration also was taken for classes in foreign languages, home-making, public squeaking, advertising and other courses.—*Phoenix (Ariz.) paper.*

Are we mice?

DRIVER OF DEATH CAR HELD ON SUSPICION OF NEGLIGIBLE HOMICIDE
—*Alhambra (Calif.) paper,*

They'll probably convict him of inconsiderable manslaughter.

GIRL HURT IN CRASH OF AUTOMOBILE, BUS DIES
—*Canton (Ohio) paper.*

"The girl and bus at first were friends,
But when the pique began . . ."

One Greene County farmer said he recently sold a cow on the market that was considered fairly fat, and all that she had since weaning her pigs was lespedeza.—*Portsmouth (Va.) paper.*

Fancy that!

Grave-diggers and other cemetery employees called for a walk-out next Friday in strike-marked San Francisco unless employers met demands for increased wakes.—*El Paso (Tex.) paper.*

The death-watch strikes.

Gen. Jose Sanjurjo, one of Spain's most colorful soldiers, was instantly killed when Lisbon, Portugal, exploded in mid-air.—*Cumberland (Md.) paper.*

It must have been pretty well hushed up.

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